The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1929 NUMBER 782

Contents

The Week 1

Editorials

Can Business Be Stabilized? 7
Mr. Hoover Against the World 6
Sign the World Court Protocol! 7

General Articles

Justice for India? ..... H. N. Brailsford 8
A Little German Band ..... Edward S. Robinson 10
This Bantam Star (verse) ..... W. H. Davies 14
For a Self-Possessed Friend (verse) ..... Robert Penn Warren 14
"Orange Groves and Jails" ..... Conrad Seiler 15
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 16
Sean O'Casey and Victor Chenkin ..... Stark Young 17

Correspondence 19

Reviews of Books

The Life of Mrs. Eddy ..... Lewis Mumford 21
American Music ..... Jeffrey Mark 22
The Red and the White ..... Henry Chapin 23
Two Kinds of Liberty ..... Morton Dauwen Zabel 24
Brats ..... Ruth Sapin 24

The Week

JOSEPH P. COTTON, the Under-secretary of State, is a careful and responsible individual; and we may assume, therefore, that he had reasons, which are available to the public, for his remarkable statement last week that the naval conference in London must result in a five-power treaty or nothing. It is possible that the French, Italians or Japanese, alarmed at the possibility of a separate agreement between the United States and Great Britain, were privately protesting with such emphasis that Washington deemed it necessary to reassure them, lest the conference should fail before it has even begun. By his statement, however, Mr. Cotton has removed one of the strongest weapons with which to coerce France into line, and the results of this were at once apparent in an increased stiffness of tone in statements from Paris. The French have announced that under no circumstances will they consider the abolition of the submarine. They are willing, it is true, to concede the complete abolition of the capital ship, which is no longer of much use to anybody, and of none at all to France herself. As to cruisers, they say that they positively will not accept the ratio laid down in the Washington conference—5:5:1.75. At this rate, we shall be lucky if the conference doesn't leave things worse than they already were.

REPORTS from Europe indicate that although, during the past week, there were such considerable events as the completion of the statutes of the International Bank, the consolidation of Tardieu's new Cabinet, the permanent appointment of Julius Curtius as German Foreign Minister and the naming of ambassadors between Great Britain and Russia, the business generally regarded as most important for the Continent took place in Washington, where the two steps by Hoover, one his Armistice Day speech and the other his calling of a National Economic Conference, set up international repercussions dominating European interest. Hoover's appeal for the abolition of the starvation weapon in war momentarily overshadowed another passage considered by European diplomats of more immediate significance: "We will reduce naval strength in proportion to any other. Having said that, it only remains for others to say how low they will go. It cannot be too low for us." The others obviously include not only Great Britain but Japan, France and Italy. It is argued in Europe that since Great Britain not only has decided on parity with the United States but apparently is also resolved not to be outdone by America in setting the point where parity shall be fixed, Hoover's statement lays upon the three smaller powers the responsibility of establishing a maximum. The degree to which Japan, France and Italy will consent to disarm will determine the limit within which England and the United States can hold their navies.

IT NOW appears to European observers that France will be the stumbling block in London as she was in Washington, and the principal dispute of the 1930 conference will be, not between America and Great Britain, but between Italy and France. All of the three smaller powers look with concealed distrust upon the new friendliness between the United States and Great Britain, but France especially. MacDonald's visit to America burned away the last fragments of Chamberlain's 1928 arrange-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment whereby England promised hands off the French Army, while France contracted to support British sea supremacy against any such reduction conference as is now pending. Furthermore, it is argued, France fears that a successful naval conference may lead logically to the next step, namely, a serious conference for land disarmament where, lacking England's support, she would be isolated. Her fear of being compelled in the future seriously to discuss reduction of her army is a sufficient motive for her to obstruct the naval conference. Such obstruction is already apparent but is discreet, for the French concern for American feelings, exhibited during MacDonald's visit, and by the awarding of the Legion of Honor to Mr. Kellogg, by the settlement of the film dispute and the amicable arrangement of a number of minor commercial matters, restrains her from open sabotage.

THE French attitude, however, is held to be plain in the current dispute over dates for the three conferences due to be held in the next few months, in which the course of world politics for the next decade will be decided. Germany wishes the Hague conference to begin the first week in December, in order to exclude any difficulty about evacuating the Allied troops in the third zone before the promised date of June thirtieth. If the Hague conference meets early in December, statesmen of the five powers can complete the work in time to keep the appointment for the naval conference on January 21. The League Council scheduled for January 20 will then have to be postponed. But the important newspapers in France are contending that the Hague conference cannot pass the Young Plan until after Hugenberg's referendum scheduled for December 22. This overlooks the fact that Hugenberg cannot succeed, and anyway, the referendum, juridically, is none of the business of the Hague conference. If France succeeds in postponing the Hague conference, it will have to be held after Christmas, thus necessitating the postponement of the naval conference, and who knows but that something may crop up meanwhile to postpone it still further? Herr Curtius, however, has advised the press correspondents to reserve rooms at the Hague for December 5.

THE MEXICAN election was deplorably bloody, but there is no reason to believe that the rseult did not represent, on the whole, the will of the Mexican people. Rubio, the new President, was the spiritual heir of Obregon and Calles; and while his defeated opponent, Vasconcelos, is a man of brilliant qualities, he was able to make no fundamental criticism of the policies pursued by the National Revolutionary party. There is always a temptation, in a country like Mexico, for a defeated candidate to have recourse to arms; but we hope and believe that Vasconcelos is too intelligent a man, and too good a patriot, to begin a revolution. The United States would certainly do all in its power to prevent a successful termination to such an adventure, and with its large degree of control over imports of arms and ammunition, it could probably dictate the outcome. What Mexico needs is peace and hard work, the restoration of its finances, education for the *peon*, and above all, a great diminution of the army's importance in the scheme of things.

MR. MELLON is employing his usual formula of tax reduction under new circumstances. He has always pleaded that reduction of rates (especially in the higher brackets) would bring prosperity. When prosperity followed, and an increased tax yield saved him from a deficit, he would claim the credit. Now, however, he is faced by a collapse of prosperity, at least in the stock market. He again urges tax reduction as a magic formula to restore confidence, because it shows the confidence of the administration in the future of business. But will the result this time be the same? Reduced rates, especially on corporation profits, which are bound to be large this year, will leave the government less money that it could otherwise have had. That means that it will reduce the war debt less rapidly. And it will have less for the large programs of public construction and agricultural relief which are urged as one of the chief means of maintaining industrial production. Mr. Mellon is counting heavily on his luck; if industrial depression of any magnitude should really ensue, the Treasury might in subsequent years be embarrassed, and the government could not offer all possible assistance to distressed trade.

THE MOST interesting development of the tariff struggle in the Senate has been the formation of a Young Guard to take the place of the Old Guard which surrendered. This new group, which assumes to take over leadership for the President, has attempted to make an agreement with the Democratic-Progressive coalition for the passage of a bill which shall leave undisturbed the old rates on manufactured products and revise upward the farm schedules only. Acceptance of this proposal would have constituted a victory for the coalition. There are two possible reasons why they may have declined the truce. One is, that in view of their unbroken series of successes so far, they may hope to reduce some of the needlessly high industrial rates. Another, and perhaps a more practical reason, is that essential members of the coalition themselves want to increase rates on locally favored industries. The coalition is not based quite so single-mindedly on tariff principles as might be inferred from the speeches of some of its leaders. What it really wants is to get tariff favors for its own constituents without granting favors to the constituents of its temporary opponents. And it does not particularly discriminate in favor of the depressed farmers when others of its own constituents are in a position to profit from protection. Indeed, as economic studies have shown, most of the farmers themselves are likely to suffer more than they gain from increases in farm duties (unless the debenture is passed).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EFFORT of the American Federation of Labor to unionize Southern textiles, inaugurated at the recent Montreal convention, is now in process of organization. A conference has met to discuss the problem, and has taken steps to lay plans and raise funds. Let us hope that it will call upon every resource of knowledge and skill which it can muster. No sweeping victory can be expected within a brief period. A campaign of this sort is not like an advertising and sales barrage; it must, with slender means, deal with varying local conditions, and it must fight not only against normal inertia but against powerful and well equipped enemies. This furnishes all the more reason for dogged persistence, for discernment of the best places in which to begin, for the enlistment of as many allies as possible, especially on the local ground. The opportunity is now at hand for the Federation and its constituent units to show whether they are capable of dealing with a serious organizing problem. They must be prepared to develop and recognize new leaders, to utilize new methods, and to revive at the same time the old crusading spirit which has characterized organized labor's periods of rapid growth in the past. It is of the utmost importance to the welfare of the nation that they succeed.

THE suggestion to President Hoover that the government go in for building express highways on a large scale is by no means a bad one. As motor traffic increases, the need for such highways is felt more acutely every day. Indeed, numerous proposals have come from private interests that they be allowed to build roads of this character and charge tolls for their use. But we ought not to begin an era of private road ownership; that would indeed be a step backward. If public agencies cannot afford to build the roads for free use, they might as well collect the tolls until the roads are paid for. There is another excellent reason for the public to forestall private enterprise in this matter. A badly planned and poorly regulated highway can, from the esthetic point of view, ruin a whole countryside. Highway departments are rapidly coming to the point where they place a high value on esthetic considerations. Roadside planting, the restoration of natural beauties in cuts and embankments, excess condemnation so that surrounding land can be kept out of speculative use, are increasingly utilized. Even abolition of billboards and hot-dog stands has been achieved in some localities, and will, through legislation, be achieved in more. Let us hope that the government not only takes over the building of express highways, but sees to it that they shall be things of beauty.

THE NOBEL PRIZE for literature is the most widely advertised of the five Nobel prizes, cynics would say, because it is the only one which affects the fortunes of an important industry, that of publishing. It is also the largest of the prizes open to men of letters, and the only one that is truly international. The Swedish academicians who award it have not always shown great wisdom. Too often they have allowed their sense of news value to outweigh their literary judgment. Too often they have chosen windy philosophers who have achieved a momentary fame, or empty pretentious novelists, or didactic poets, or representatives of the minor European literatures who were giants only among their compatriots. Who reads Maeterlinck today, or Rudolf Eucken? Who is José Echegaray? Who in any country but France even remembers the name of Sully-Prudhomme? And who, on the other hand, would criticize the awards to Yeats, Shaw or Anatole France? Ideally, the prize should be given, not as encouragement to a young writer or as vindication of a popular writer, but rather as tribute to a man of high talent, worthy of international and permanent recognition, who has devoted a lifetime to the art of letters. There are two or three writers in the world today who fulfill these qualifications: Thomas Mann in Germany, André Gide in France, and perhaps Maxim Gorky in Russia. By choosing the first of these, the Swedish Academy has added to the prestige of the Nobel Prize, and has atoned for some of the mistaken awards it has made in the past.

MR. FRED I. KENT, a New York banker, made a speech the other day in which he said the attitude of Senate Progressives and Democrats toward the tariff was a factor in causing the recent Wall Street crash. As a consequence, he has been summoned before the Senate committee which is investigating lobbying, to explain his statement and—if he can—defend it. Mr. Kent's was a silly performance, but The New Republic sees no reason why he should have been called before the committee on account of it. It was the petulant public utterance of a high protectionist, with no relation to the really sinister activities of the professional lobbyists. Toward some of these latter, the Senate committee has shown itself singularly tender; it might well have let Mr. Kent alone and gone a little more deeply into Ivy Lee's activities on behalf of the shipbuilders, or the work of naval officers who loaded up Mr. Shearer with official data before he went to Geneva in 1927.

THE Standard Oil Company of California has abandoned, after a few weeks' futile try-out, its attempt to bring about by coercion a curtailment of crude oil production in the West. This it sought to do by arbitrarily declining to pay more than fifty cents a barrel for crude petroleum delivered at its refinery intakes by the smaller producing companies —fifty cents being about half a price, and well below the level of living expenses for the producers. What was anticipated was the wholesale shutting down of wells, by producers who would wait perforce for better times. What happened was that the Standard Oil Company merely tended to eliminate itself from the raw-material market. Other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refineries did not follow suit, prices continued around the dollar level, and the producers simply kept on draining the deposits as before. Indeed, they could hardly have done otherwise. They themselves are under contractual obligation to the land-owners. The American land-owner is sovereign of his ground to the exact center of the earth; he knows that when a producing oil-well is "brought in" on adjacent property he, too, must have a well drilled or the wealth beneath his surface will be gone; and as a rule the company that proposes to do the most vigorous immediate drilling will get the owner's signature to the lease. Production, not demand, is the primary law in the hindside-before economics of petroleum. Other nations, wiser than ours, have prevented all this by abolishing the individual's sovereignty over subsurface minerals. But that, of course, is a thing neither the Standard Oil Company nor the beloved American doctrine of "private initiative" could agree to.

EVEN AFTER making allowance for the fact that most of the news from China is from sources prejudiced against the National government, it must be recognized that the military situation is now a highly critical one. The rebel forces of Feng Yu-hsiang have made substantial progress, and the overthrow of the National government is a possibility which must be faced. The recent fighting has been far more severe than is customary in Chinese wars, with a large number of casualties; the hospital facilities are as usual inadequate, and the suffering has been appalling, even in a land where misery is universal and chronic. Shanghai is frightened over the possibility of capture by the rebels, and insurance against such a catastrophe is being bought by the wealthy Chinese residents, who have been bled almost white by one faction or another in recent years. The next few weeks may see a turn of events which will determine the future of the Chinese nation for decades to come. It may even determine whether China is to remain a single nation or whether it is to dissolve into a group of semi-feudal states.

Can Business Be Stabilized?

IT WAS a courageous act for Mr. Hoover to call into conference leaders of industry, agriculture, trade and labor in order to lay plans against any possible setback of production following the Wall Street panic. How courageous, we may judge by comparing it with the way in which Mr. Coolidge would probably have behaved in the same circumstances. An over-cautious man would have feared to admit that anything at all might need to be done. He would have refrained from saying anything that would have implied the existence of danger. He would simply have pretended that everything was going smoothly and would continue to do so. He would have played strongly on "confidence," and let it go at that. And, no matter how much he had boasted previously concerning the administration's part in prosperity, he would have been ready with the alibi that, after all, government has nothing to do with business; if business falters, the government can do nothing.

What the conferences can actually accomplish is, however, another story. Three objectives seem to be in view. One is to increase the expenditures for construction work, both by governmental agencies and large industries such as railroads. Many economists have held that such activity, when a depression is in sight, would do much to furnish employment, both directly and indirectly. Mr. Hoover himself long ago endorsed the plan, in general terms. Another objective is to enlarge the market for any American surplus production by stimulating foreign trade—an endeavor with which Mr. Hoover has long been closely associated, through the Department of Commerce. And the third is to bolster confidence by some definite action. Worthy as these objectives may be, we fear it is now too late to expect them to help much in the present situation—if the present situation really calls for help. And we are confident that they are all dwarfed by the importance of another type of decision which the conferences might take.

If there is danger of serious unemployment, it will come this winter. But public construction takes time to inaugurate. It requires appropriations by legislative bodies, preparation and sale of bond issues, drawing of plans and specifications, advertising for bids, preparatory work on the part of the contractor. Expansion of private construction work likewise cannot be effected on the impulse of the moment. No corporation president in his senses will enlarge his capital facilities unless he is fairly certain his concern will need the extra plant. No speculative builder will undertake new operations unless he has sold what he has already built, has funds available, and believes there will be a profitable sale for his new product.

In all these cases, if extra construction work is to be started in time to do anything to relieve a depression, it must be preceded by careful advance planning. Governmental agencies must have in hand completed blue-prints, and money in the bank. Corporations must be ready with a program of expansion worked out for a long period ahead, on the basis of needs deferred during the time of naturally booming construction. Speculative builders must have studied their problem enough to slow down their operations during the peaks of building activity, so that they may be ready to take advantage of low material prices and interest rates when they come. All this preparation cannot be improvised. The utmost Mr. Hoover can now do to stimulate construction will not result in employment until after the worst need has passed.

European commentators who fear that Mr. Hoover intends to dump American surplus production abroad, to their disadvantage, are shivering at a ghost. The Government, through the Depart-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of Commerce, has long sought every opportunity to enlarge our foreign sales. It can do no more than it has been doing in this direction. The credit ease consequent upon the break in stocks may, it is true, stimulate the flow of American capital abroad again, but this would have happened without the President's intervention. The influence on our exports cannot be felt promptly. Aside from this, if the administration had taken the most effective measures to facilitate American foreign trade, it would have begun with a low tariff policy and reduction of European war debts—two measures which even now it does not favor, and which, if it did take them, could have an effect only after a considerable passage of time.

The immediate possibility of the conferences simmers down, then, to the sort of inspirational talk which a head coach gives a football team which has suffered from an attack of nerves on the eve of its big game. The talk may help, if the preliminary training in line play, interference, passing and the rest has been skillful. But it cannot be a substitute for the elements of good football. In so far as the practices of American business are already sound, and have been so for many months, the President can instill confidence by pointing out how sound they are, and how they should be continued. Beyond this, he cannot help.

The conferences, meeting on the occasion of a bad scare, would, however, show real courage and ability if they should admit the lack of adequate preparation for the present crisis, and should resolve now to set up a continuous machinery which might help to avert future scares of the same kind. Every hazard which now faces business has been in the making for months, some of them possibly for years. Virtually every one was pointed out, long before the market smash, by competent authorities. Remedies which might be available to deal with the eventualities of industrial depression have long been proposed. Failure to take heed of these warnings, and to inaugurate the agencies which might administer the remedies, is the real cause of what has happened.

Does a falling off of building construction threaten industry? That does not result from the recent losses of speculators. It has two main causes—speculative overbuilding in times of easy money and of unregulated city development, and subsequent tightness of credit during the market boom. If there had been an Economic General Staff watching our business situation continuously, it would long ago have taken steps to encourage stability in building construction. It would have studied the relationship of demand and supply in every class of building, it would have brought city and regional planning into play, it would have noted the vagaries of building credit and would have proposed means of holding it to a more stationary level—including of course, measures to prevent the diversion of credit to market speculation. It would have discovered the lack of good housing for those of small means, and would have studied ways of providing such housing as is not a profitable enterprise for speculative builders. A national housing program, if it were now ready to be executed, would be a boon indeed. Futhermore, this General Staff would have studied the various proposals like Senator Wagner's for advance planning of public construction, and, in so far as these proposals are sound, it would have encouraged the enactment of the necessary legislation so that we might be prepared for a situation like the present. And it would have done something to bring states, counties, cities and private industries into line on this program.

Are we faced by a shrinkage of motor-car production, with its reverberations of lessened demands on steel and other basic industries? If so, the market crash is only to a minor degree responsible. Automobile output was drastically reduced before the panic, on account of feverish over-production during the first part of the year. An Economic General Staff would have studied the automobile market, it would have some fairly definite ideas as to the saturation point of domestic demand at the existing levels of prices and incomes, it would encourage advance planning of production schedules within the industry. It would understand the importance of the export market, and the effect upon that market of protective tariffs and international loans.

And of course an Economic General Staff would long ago have recognized the dangers of speculative inflation in the stock market itself, just as so many experts in both private and official positions have recognized it. It would have studied the expansion of brokers' loans, and would have been at work on plans for new measures which might have stopped the leaks in Federal Reserve control of speculative credit. It might easily have done something to educate the public so that the market would not have soared to the dangerous height from which it fell.

An agency constantly at work on national economic problems would not only have prepared us to deal with a crisis, but it would have done much to avert that crisis itself. It would be fed by the many streams of statistical information which we already have, and it would establish liaisons with the numerous agencies of control which already exist in this country. In addition, it would seek to round out our statistics, and, after careful study, to propose necessary new agencies and methods of control. It would draw together the threads of our economic fabric so that we could see the pattern. It would constantly be atacking the new problems which are bound to arise. It would not be a dictatorship; its authority would rest solely on the validity of its knowledge and its judgment. In so far as it could show us the better way, we might be induced to follow.

If this could be made the occasion for starting something to deal with the next crisis, the Presi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent's conferences will have been indeed worth while. We do not want merely another report, hastily improvised *ad hoc* by experts taken from other tasks, and followed by no systematic action. We must begin to experiment with a governor for our engine. We must frankly recognize that the wild play of individualistic forces out for private gain does not automatically result in a desirable economic equilibrium. We must understand that when the equilibrium is most painfully disturbed, we cannot right it simply by momentary inspirations. In order to do what needs to be done, we must begin modestly to develop a better means of regulation. Hitherto, the attitude of our political and industrial leaders has been to regard our economic order with superstitious reverence when it is running at high speed, and to retire to an equally superstitious gloom when the steam falls, the oil gives out, or a part breaks. Fortunately, the present breakdown is not likely to be serious in any case. But it warns us that we need, not industrial playboys, but skilled engineers. We need to apply some of our mechanical ingenuity to the ordering of larger affairs.

Mr. Hoover against the World

MR. HOOVER'S suggestion that food-ships should be exempt from blockade in time of war has met with a bad press in Great Britain, France and Italy. Only the Germans have received it cordially, and the historic reasons for their sympathy are only too apparent. British Conservatives feel that England's safety from starvation is so important a matter that it must be proteced only by the strength of the British Navy—which, as the Tories conveniently forget for the moment, came so near to permitting Britain to be starved out in the closing days of the War. The British Liberals recognize that England has more to gain than any other power from acceptance of the Hoover proposal, but they regard it as an idealistic gesture which has no hope of realization. From the Continent comes more concrete objection. The French, somewhat cynically echoed by the Italians, urge first of all, of course, that the plan is in conflict with the League scheme for complete blockade against a country which is guilty of an act of aggression. Second, they say that while its purpose is humane, its results might be of a contrary character, since it would serve to prolong a war which would otherwise be terminated quickly. Even without these objections, the proposal is declared to be impracticable: it is said to be impossible to distinguish between food and other products which would remain legitimate contraband, and in any case, no country could continue to import food if its exports of other material were cut off, since such a trade would only last a short time unless it were on a basis of barter.

These objections have varying degrees of validity, but all of them overlook the fundamental realities of the existing situation. The New Republic observed last week that when it came to the actual test of conflict, whether in "public war" against an aggressor, or in "private war" between two states as to which the rest of the world made no moral judgment, Mr. Hoover's proposal would be as likely to break down as would all other attempts to humanize war. The usefulness of any such scheme is like the usefulness of the League itself and of the Kellogg Pact: it lies in helping to prevent war, and not in anything that could be done after the catastrophe has taken place. In the prevention of war, Mr. Hoover's plan might easily have a usefulness which European commentators seem entirely to miss, probably because they do not take into sufficient account popular American psychology.

Europe is at present committed, through the machinery of the League, to a scheme which France accepts enthusiastically and Great Britain more reluctantly—the use of "sanctions" to enforce the peace. In theory these sanctions might include the use of armed military force, but in general discussion, they are regarded as being confined to an economic boycott, and this in turn is thought of chiefly in terms of a blockade by sea, for which the British navy would be the chief implement as it was in 1914-18. But the threat of such a blockade is invalidated at the present time by uncertainty as to what the United States would do. British leaders admit that they would not attempt to enforce one against our wishes; they can think of no advantage to be gained in relation to Europe which would be worth a war with America. Efforts have been made to obtain a promise that America would not insist on its right to maintain trade with a violater of the Kellogg Pact, or with anyone engaged in a private war, but these efforts have thus far been unavailing.

But with Mr. Hoover's proposal adopted, the chances that America would participate in international action against an aggressor would certainly be very much better. It could not then be said, as in the case of a 100-per cent blockade, that we were making war on women and children. The very fact that, on America's initiative, food was exempt, would be a powerful factor in urging us to cast in our lot with the rest of the world in exercising pressure against the aggressor by holding up other products. Such a blockade would, in fact, be virtually as effective as the sort which France is now contemplating—and will never get, until America agrees to it. The threat of a *cordon sanitaire* which would put an embargo on all other raw materials, on munitions, on international credit, on manufactured exports, would be almost as useful as one which added food to all of these. And if you think of it in terms, not of threats, but of actual overt acts, such an iron ring should be highly effective. Rare indeed are the countries which would not have sufficient food supplies already on hand to last them for the first few weeks or months of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to last them for the first few weeks or months of a war; and unless the League's action against an aggressor were effective in the first few weeks, it would not be effective at all.

In the long-time view, then, Mr. Hoover's proposal is one which would enhance the likelihood of American participation in a blockade by the League, or in any other international action against a nation guilty of aggression. Considered as an immediate piece of practical politics, it is no less significant. It would remove the strongest argument in favor of a great British navy, and thereby make possible parity at a much more reasonable point than is today contemplated—especially in view of Mr. Hoover's declaration that the United States stands ready to reduce to any level, no matter how low, to which Great Britain will also consent. It would remove the strongest reason for the great French fleet of submarines. By relieving British fears, it would reduce the tension in the Mediterranean. Even Japan, which imports a great part of its food from Manchuria, would be favorably affected.

Mr. Hoover was careful to make it plain that he put his proposal forward personally and unofficially. It had not been the subject of preliminary negotiation with Great Britain, and is not on the agenda of the London conference. His attitude was doubtless the result both of his native diffidence, and of the acute realization that his plan would receive a hostile reception in some quarters. The width and depth of this hostility have justified his caution; and it would not be uncharacteristic of the man if he should now drop his proposal. The New Republic believes it would be a grave misfortune if this should happen. It considers that the diplomats of Europe have acted with less than their customary astuteness in failing to take into account the immediate usefulness of the plan.

Sign the World Court Protocol!

IN THE MIDST of the general preoccupation with the coming naval conference, with Mr. Hoover's food-ship proposal and with other means of promoting international peace, the World Court Protocol should not be forgotten. It was specifically designed, as New Republic readers will remember, to overcome the objections of the Senate, and thus to facilitate our entrance into the World Court. It embodies the Root formula, a masterpiece of intelligent compromise. Although Mr. Root was not an official representative of the United States when he negotiated the Protocol, he was in frequent consultation with the State Department; and on September 5, Secretary Stimson announced that the Protocol was satisfactory to the United States, and that he would present it for the signature of the President upon its acceptance by other powers.

What actually has happened? The Protocol was open to signature at the last Assembly at Geneva. By September 21, thirty-seven nations had signed it; but the United States, for whom it was specifically drafted, has not done so after more than two months have elapsed. Yet to many Europeans, the immediate signature of the Protocol, after its approval at Geneva, was a test of the President's sincerity and good faith. These Europeans have read Mr. Hoover's speeches on world peace; they have read his statements about the necessity of making the anti-war pact real; and they assert that he has failed to take the one step necessary to prove that he means business. Some of them even assert that unless he acts, the course of the coming naval conference will be affected.

Only one defense has been offered for the President's delay—his fear of antagonizing the Senate before the naval conference has completed its work. We question whether this defense is sound. Mr. Hoover's signature of this document does not mean that he must place it immediately before the Senate. He may pigeonhole the Protocol as long as he likes. Signature does mean, however, that he approves the Root formula and recognizes the fact of its acceptance by other powers.

Whether or not the President should send the Protocol to the Senate for immediate action is another question. He has a natural desire not to arouse unnecessary antagonism in the Senate before the naval treaty has been drafted, signed and ratified. Nevertheless, as a result of the recent conversations between President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald, peace sentiment and the desire in this country for active international coöperation are stronger today than at any time during the last ten years. There is danger, however, that this enthusiasm may be short-lived, and that the cynics may gain the upper hand. We hope, therefore, that the administration will reconsider its present treatment of the World Court. Whether or not it decides to submit the Protocol at the forthcoming session of the Senate, there is little justification for further delay in signing the Protocol. After all the speeches and sermons about peace; after all the talk of treaties and conferences for the promotion of peace, a definite and immediate action toward peace would be vastly appreciated.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1929, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Justice for India?

THE British Empire has given to India an assurance that it is marching towards the status of a self-governing Dominion. That the Viceroy should issue such a statement as he has, may not, to the distant observer, seem an earth-shaking event. Declarations which had this meaning, or very nearly this meaning, have been made at intervals since the War. Indeed, the Viceroy in this statement says that it is his purpose to remove all doubt about their meaning. In a sense he has said nothing new. Nor has he said anything perilously precise. All that he has said, "on behalf of His Majesty's Government," is that "the natural issue of India's constitutional progress is the attainment of Dominion status." That progress may be fast, or slow: the transitional stages may occupy a decade or a generation: all that is said, though it is very plainly said, is that "the goal of British policy" is to raise India to the place of Canada and South Africa, as an independent nation (for these are nothing less) within the British Commonwealth. Why is it that the repetition of this far from novel promise seems, both in India and in England, an event that must make history?

The sands were running very low in the Indian hour-glass. Last Christmas, at its annual meeting, the Indian National Congress made a perilous and challenging decision. It pledged itself, unless the Dominion status should be granted within this year, to set in motion a nation-wide campaign of "passive disobedience," with the object of attaining, not the status of a Dominion within the British Empire, but absolute independence. Mr. Gandhi was ready to lead in this effort, which would have involved the refusal, by scores of millions of Indians, to recognize British courts or to pay their taxes. One might doubt whether the Moslem minority would join in this campaign, and the hardened Anglo-Indian might predict an early and inglorious end to it. But if once it had begun, it must have made of the relations of every British government with the Indian people an insoluble problem for years to come: our rule would rest upon unsheathed bayonets, and before the passive revolt ended, we should have been fortunate if we had escaped a whole series of Amritsar killings. This nightmare lay before us. The months of relative sanity and peace grew shorter and fewer, and half-way through the year, the responsibility for dealing with an India who promised to fold her arms in a quiet refusal to be governed, shifted from a Tory to a Labor government.

Captain Wedgwood Benn, who went to the India office, is not the man to await, inactive, the slow onset of destiny. He is young, he is quick-witted, he has principles, and, above all, he is a fighter. Fortunately, the Viceroy of the day is also an unusual character. He was one of those Tories of the Left Wing, whom Mr. Baldwin, when left to his own devices, tended to favor. He had been Minister of Agriculture, and The Daily Mail, the narrowest and least imaginative organ of reaction, attacks him from time to time as no better than a Socialist. Between them, Mr. Benn and Lord Irwin (who used to be Mr. Wood) may have saved India from a very terrible ordeal, but if they have saved her, the credit will be theirs alone. They saw that something must be said, and something must be done, to avert this threat of passive resistance. They realized that Indian opinion had a case against the Simon Commission, which was sent out, without a single Indian member, to judge the Indian capacity for self-government. They understood that India will not wait in patience until (somewhere in the spring of next year) this Simon Commission reports. They foresaw that amid the passionate drama of tax-resistance and official repression, with India's jails packed with the leaders of Indian opinion, there could be no hopeful discussion of the next stage in the progress to self-government. Just in time, with a margin of eight weeks, they have insisted on taking action which may restore in the Indian mind some faith in British good will.

The declaration would not have sufficed, if it had stood alone. Words can no longer pacify India. But simultaneously, with the help of the Simon Commission itself, another step towards appeasement was taken. The real issue behind this controversy over the Simon Commission turns on the ultimate responsibility of the British Parliament for the destinies of India. Who, in the last resort, shall decide when and how India shall become self-governing? A Parliament of Englishmen sitting in Westminister, or the elect of the Indian people sitting (vocal but powerless) in Delhi? If you answer "Parliament," you take your stand on the rights of conquest, for we hold India by no other title. On the other hand, can we, after a century and a half of direct rule, suddenly wash our hands of all responsibility, careless whether the transition is made at the right time and in the right way, as though we were indifferent to the fortunes of the new Dominion? The problem was to find some way by which Delhi and Westminster could think out the next step together. Indians asked for what they called a round-table conference. The appointment of an all-English Commission came as a blow in the face, and Mr. Baldwin made things worse by his fatuous quotation from Milton; "God's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Englishmen" (as he called them) were boycotted when they went to India, and none of the substitutes for a conference which was afterwards offered availed to heal the wound to India's pride. Now, on the plea that it will be necessary to bring the nominally independent princes into any discussion of India's future, a procedure is offered which concedes what Indians mean by the round-table conference. The spokesmen of the Delhi Assembly will sit on equal terms with the spokesmen of the Westminster Parliament. They will have the Simon report before them, but, equally, if they agree among themselves, they may bring their own draft of a constitution with them. The ultimate question of right is not settled: if we are wise, it will never be raised. India can be liberated happily and hopefully only if Delhi and Westminster act in concert, with mutual respect for each other's duties and rights. The conqueror will not dramatically fling down the sword, but neither will he gird it to his belt, even when he wears court dress. Lord Irwin has himself said the same thing wisely and well: "It is as unprofitable to deny the right of Parliament to form its free and deliberate judgment on the problem, as it would be shortsighted of Parliament to underrate the importance of trying to reach a solution which might carry the willing assent of political India."

As yet I have said nothing which might persuade the American reader to regard the issue of this declaration as an earth-shaking event. We have promised to India, at some unspecified time in the future, the status of a Dominion, which, though never in these exact words, we had promised before. And after the Simon Commission has reported, we have offered to meet Indians in conference, to discuss with them the next steps towards this goal. "Very wise," you may say, "very prudent, very liberal, but surely no more than one would expect from any British government in its senses." That might have been my own comment, were it not that I know a little of what has been passing behind the scenes. It was not easy to issue this declaration: it ranks, in all the circumstances, as an act of unusual political courage. One may say, as Lord Irwin says, that this promise of Dominion status was "implicit" in earlier statements of policy, but it was not perfectly explicit, and it is clear today that a part of the Tory party, perhaps the more influential part, did not hold itself bound by these previous promises, or did not interpret them as Lord Irwin and the Labor government do.

In the late summer, during a brief visit of the Viceroy to England, the Labor government very properly consulted the leaders of the Opposition. That is not unusual, even in normal times, when a new departure in foreign or imperial policy is contemplated. A minority government must make a constant habit of such consultations. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George seemed at first to approve the issue of the Declaration—which is not surprising. But when Lord Birkenhead, lately the Secretary for India, and so often the evil genius of the Tory party, heard of it, he led a revolt within the inner ranks of the leaders, and compelled Mr. Baldwin to withdraw his tentative approval. Something similar happened in the Liberal camp. Lord Reading, a former Viceroy, took the same view, and he in his turn influenced Mr. Lloyd George. Sir John Simon was also hostile to the Declaration, not perhaps on its merits, but because he held that it was improper to issue any statement of policy until his Commission had reported. Lord Irwin, meanwhile, had in confidence shown the Declaration to certain Indian leaders, and something of it, both here and in India, had leaked into the press. Within two days of the agreed date of publication, the Labor Cabinet (with Mr. MacDonald in mid-Atlantic) was suddenly confronted with the withdrawal of both Liberal and Tory support. What was a minority government to do? If it stopped or altered the Declaration, Indians (aware that it had been drafted) would have interpreted its non-appearance as a withdrawal of the promise of Dominion status. Even the moderates would then have supported the outbreak of passive resistance at the New Year. On the other hand, if they risked defeat and repudiation by a Tory-Liberal combination in Parliament, they would no less certainly provoke the storm in India. It is small wonder that the Cabinet, faced with this dilemma, vacillated. Mr. Benn was strong enough to prevent the withdrawal of the document, but he had to agree to the dispatch of a cablegram to Lord Irwin, which informed him that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. George had withdrawn their support, and authorized him, if he thought fit, to alter its terms. He did not change a word. The Declaration appeared as it was drafted. Two men, knowing that Parliament might repudiate them, took their risk, and in taking it saved India from despair.

The sequel, as I write, remains to be told. You will know it before this article can cross the Atlantic.[1] But it is clear that there will be no hostile action from a united Tory party. Lord Rothermere's Daily Mail, the most mischievous but happily the most tactless of British newspapers, has made that impossible. It chose to appear on the day on which I write, with a furious attack upon Mr. Baldwin for his original approval of the Declaration. It disclosed much that ought to have remained confidential. Finally, it used the incident to clamor for the deposition of Mr. Baldwin from the Tory leadership. The result was to stiffen that gentleman's far from heroic spine. He will not use this episode to unseat the Labor government. Mr. Lloyd George, who is often thought to be an ally of Lord Rothermere, may play a disturbing guerilla game, but he will not on this occasion succeed in inflicting a defeat upon the government. My per-

[1] The House of Lords, without a formal vote, indicated its general acceptance of the Indian policy in a discussion on Nov. 5. The House of Commons followed a similar course on Nov. 7.—THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal impression is that the danger is already over.

From India the omens are good, though as yet one cannot certainly say that the Declaration has won the nation. Mr. Gandhi has not yet spoken.[2] But when India learns, as she will learn, the inner history of these three months, her chivalry will surely swing her to the side of Lord Irwin and Mr. Benn. They have risked much for her peace: they have earned her confidence. But a minority government lives dangerously. It can keep its promises only by the steadfast exercise of courage.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

A Little German Band

The Solemnities of Gestalt Psychology

GREAT is the enthusiasm of their playing and ardent is the look in their eyes. Their repertoire is not large, but what matter? They have at least one number that is as sure-fire as "Dixie" and whenever the audience stops beating time, back they come to their favorite. It runs something like this:

> Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
> Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
> And all the king's horses and all the king's men
> Couldn't put Humpty together again.

The major theme of that brand of psychology currently being imported from Germany is a prolonged complaint about the scandalous manner in which other psychologies break up their essential facts beyond recognition and repair. If the Gestaltists ever spoke of such important matters, they would charge the barbarians with seeing nothing in Mr. George Herman Ruth save a series of connections between sense organs and muscles brought about through the pressure of the American environment working upon a fine quality of clay. These Gestaltists would even worry lest some contemporary analyst should find nothing in Niagara-Falls-by-moonlight save a conglomeration of yellows and grays and glassy sensations impinging upon an awareness of visceral tension. This little band of German professors would hardly deny that there can be found in the personality of Mr. Ruth various connections between sense organs and muscles that are essential for his artistry. They would hardly deny either the yellows and grays and glassinesses nor the visceral tensions of Niagara-by-moonlight. What irritates them is the fact that psychologists, in their enthusiasm for the detection of such ingredients of behavior and experience, have forgotten the limitations of their procedure. When we tear a thing apart, we arrive at the parts, but necessarily leave the thing behind. The thing was the parts combined in a certain way, and the fact that analysis may give a very complete accounting for the parts does not at all mean that it gives a good picture of their mode of combination or one that could successfully be followed in putting together the thing from its fragments.

There are two outstanding reasons why this song of lament should have made a great hit. Popular music is never difficult, because it follows closely the most widely established musical conventions of the day. The same is true of systems of psychology. If they play upon a theme that is already in the public mind, the public arises to praise their originality. The Gestalt psychology says that there are unities in this world which are not perfectly analagous to strings of sausages. This negation is not exactly new. But its wide popularity is very recent, and now come the Gestaltists to synchronize with this newer philosophic syncopation. This by no means implies that their doctrine is erroneous. It simply explains why it is popular.

Another aid toward the popularity of the Gestalt theory is the fact that the world has always been full of people who get shivers up and down their spines whenever they are confronted with the business-like procedure of scientific analysis. They have not liked the idea that the deft movements of the sculptor's hand may have something to do with the jerky twitch of a pudgier infant's hand pouring a cup of gruel into a pink ear. They have not liked the idea that glandular secretions have a good deal to do with ecstasy. They have preferred simply to stand in the midst of life and to feel each thrill to the full as it comes along. Such people have been easy marks for a theory that seems to justify their antipathy.

There can be no disputing the fact that the process of analysis always leads into a realm of relative abstraction. An exhibit containing the separated parts of a motor car is very unlike the living experience of a mile-a-minute rush down the highway. This is no more and no less true of matters psychological. Such an admission may place a modest feather in the cap of the Gestalt psychologists, but it hardly endows them with a permit to wear a

[2] At a meeting in Delhi on Nov. 1, Mr. Gandhi said that acceptance of the Labor government's program must depend upon its agreeing to four conditions: Amnesty for the accused in the Meerut and Lahore trials, renunciation of the powers of certification by the Viceroy and the Governors, immediate Dominion status for India, and a preponderance of members of the Congress in the conference.—THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crown. It is an intellectual fashion of the day to point out the obvious truth that there is no analytic point of view without its limitations. Even when James and Dewey made so much of this point twenty-five or thirty years ago, it was one of those wholesome, homely and familiar items which could well afford the support of such talent, but which was not startlingly novel except for those whose memories were exceedingly short. There is certainly no harm in the old tune now that it is being played by the Gestaltists, but again there certainly is no genius in it.

It is possible that the Gestaltists are really intending more than a warning that every mode of scientific analysis has its limitations. Perhaps they intend to show that analysis, as such, is inferior to synthesis. If this is the case, the Gestalt psychology is guilty of more than an exaggeration. It is indulging in a type of one-eyed vision that has never been known to be either fair or true. If we go back over the history of human thought, we find innumerable instances in which someone becomes aware that a certain very general concept or procedure has limitations. He immediately concludes that, because there are errors in too much deduction, induction is necessarily and universally the preferable direction of thought, or because a kind of error is inherent in statistics, statistics always lie. And so one might say that, since the dashing playboy of the Post Road is more than steering gear, plus carburetor, plus axles, plus spark plugs and all the other plusses, there is a kind of sin in discussing the brave roadster's anatomical units. In order to understand his real nature, one ought simply to seek a long stretch of straightaway and step on the gas.

Any claim that analysis, as such, should now be foresworn for a procedure less prone to distort the original form of our facts implies that science has so far been largely a failure. That anyone should actually take this position seems almost unbelievable. In the history of science, analysis and synthesis have always gone together. Whenever analysis has seemed to break up reality into such small and inconsequential parts that the whole could not be resurrected, the actual difficulty has been that the analysis has not yet become as keen as we should like, or as thorough. If analysis of Mr. Ruth into sensory-motor connections and muscle masses does not tell us how we can make fence smashers out of nine-tenths of the male population, it does not follow that this great end can be better accomplished without analysis. What is required is better analysis. If that is all the Gestaltists mean to say, it is too bad that they do not say what they mean.

There is another possibility. Perhaps the expositors of the Gestaltian propaganda feel that Providence fashioned them for a moral role. Now, in the field of morals, it is more necessary to make the other fellow right than to be right oneself. If the sinner sins by loafing stubbornly about the north pole, the way to lure him into the balanced righteousness of equatorial calm is to extoll the virtues of the south pole. Then he need take one's advice only half-heartedly and still be completely saved.

In case it should turn out that the Gestaltian attitude toward analysis in general is only to be understood as evangelical exhortation, it would be necessary to look into the world of sin in order to determine whether there is justification for the degree of exaggeration being employed. At present there are two widely prevalent analytic procedures in experimental psychology. The first may be called introspective analysis. Its employment requires a subject, who by training has become conversant with the alleged constitution of human experience, to report under special circumstances the make-up of his own awareness. A highly skilled introspector may discover that tickle is analyzable into an irregular spatial-temporal pattern of bright pressures of low intensity coupled with such sensations of muscular tension as commonly anticipate diffuse bodily movement. The reader who takes thought a moment is likely to put considerable credence in such a result. As he considers his own tickle history, he can detect in it just such ingredients as the introspective expert has pronounced to be there. In this particular example, most of the units into which experience is analyzed happen to be what are called sensations. That is to say, they are such bits of experience as are contributed by the operation of various sense organs. The introspector in his scrutiny of his own awareness often finds other constituent parts besides sensations. He finds mental images, which are analogous to sensations, and which differ from them mainly in the fact that they are not immediately related to the stimulation of a sense organ. He finds feelings, such as pleasantness and unpleasantness. Beyond this there is a realm of controversy. Some introspectors claim to be able to detect other fundamental items of experience, while their adversaries claim that sensations, images and feelings are the only *basic* constituents of mind. But most varieties of introspective analysis have this in common, that they seek to break up experience into a limited number of well-defined constituents.

The introspectors are among the sinners who excite the Gestaltists into a state of fervent solicitude. It is, therefore, appropriate to inquire wherein lies their black transgression. In the main, it hinges upon the fact that human experience is not really limited to those ghostly sensations, images and feelings, which are all that introspection uncovers. The late Professor E. B. Titchener, who was the outstanding champion of introspective methods in their purest form, had a simple answer to this charge. Granted that human experience contains more than the psychologist finds in it, who would be so ambitious as to attempt to unravel the whole of that experience? The psychologist must work with a limited method and for limited ends. If his results

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do not bear upon all of the implications and heart-throbs of human life, what of it? What is done can at any rate be done carefully and intelligently. When one finds a sinner with such a sound and simple justification for his sinning, there is a real difficulty in convincing him that he is, after all, a sinner. The stock follow-up on the pure introspector has been to the effect that, though a limited outlook may at times be required for scientific clarity, a trivial outlook is under no circumstance defensible. And the analysis of experience into sensations and images and feelings is at best a trivial undertaking. This is rather a mean thing to say, and there is a good deal of question whether it is true. At the moment, scientific interest has turned away from the types of questions that introspective procedure has aimed to answer. Our present very large inventory of visual experience could never have been attained without the strictest type of introspection on the part of highly trained observers, and this inventory forms the basis for the most important kind of speculation regarding the physiology of the eye. But it so happens that those who are today interested in psychology in a general way are little interested in this type of contribution. Therefore, the struggles that are being made with unsolved introspective problems, such as the nature of the system of odor sensations, impress many as being a waste of time.

Thus, our inquiry concerning the ways of introspection has not revealed any necessary error bound up with it. The customary criticism of the method indicates that it does not account for the whole of human experience. This point would be exceedingly important to maintain if any one had denied it, but the most ardent advocate of the narrowest type of introspection insisted upon the limitations of this method. However, it might still be true that, though the master spoke with moderation, the disciples have since gone astray. Such might be the case, but it is not. Perhaps here and there one might find an unimportant person who has swallowed the Titchenerian attitude as a philosophy of Man, but nothing like this has occurred among Titchener's more capable students. They have all been clearly cognizant of the limitations of introspection. Not only that, but most of them have been inclined to utilize such other methods and points of view as have seemed to them likely to yield valid facts about human nature.

The Gestaltists are certainly trying to reform someone who takes introspection too seriously. But who can that someone be? Perhaps it is one of those ferocious windmills of the imagination kept in a menacing state of revolution by the breath of much scolding.

The second prevalent method of analysis in experimental psychology is carried out in terms of objective behavior. The subject need not be highly trained. Although his testimony regarding his own behavior may be sought, he is expected to give only such a report as commends itself to his common sense. The principal data utilized by this method are the gross bodily movements, the verbal responses, and those physiological reactions like pulse, blood pressure and breathing rate that can be instrumentally recorded. Contrary to popular belief, this type of procedure is not a new-fangled invention of Watsonian behaviorism. It was the first method of experimental psychology; the notion of expert introspection and the very limited conception of the contents of consciousness did not appear until experimental psychology was well under way as an active science.

But the business with which we are now concerned is the attitude of the Gestaltists toward the objective analysis of behavior. Are its sins so great as to require dark frowns and "Naughty! Naughty!" regarding analysis in general?

If one goes through a fair sampling of behavior studies, he will discover that in many cases analysis of a given act is incomplete either on the side of the ingredients of that act or on the side of their mode of combination. One will also find a good many authors who try to justify their efforts by the contention that the elements of a complex act, which they do not uncover, must be inconsequential. *Ergo*, behavior is only what they are now able to see in it. Finding a few throat movements in the metaphysician, thinkers of this variety will maintain that metaphysics is *nothing but* a series of laryngeal oscillations. Finding a few chemical changes in the active organism, they will maintain that behavior is *nothing but* a shifting of electron aggregations. This is clearly an unwholesome state of mind, and one deserving vigorous imprecation. The Gestaltists would say that there has been a desertion of the staid monogamy of the whole in favor of a dissolute promiscuity of the parts. It is doubtful, however, whether the evil is such a grand one. There is a good deal to be said for the verdict that the case is simply one of lack of modesty. Science has not yet outgrown its relations to witchcraft, even in the minds of scientists themselves. Therefore, when an analysis proves incomplete, as analyses always do, there is a temptation to argue away that incompleteness. The alternative to such haranguing is not abstinence from analysis, but merely the cultivation of a reasonable degree of modesty about science in general, and the courageous facing of a future full of honest ignorance and intellectual labor.

It is easy to see that the Gestaltists dislike all current types of psychological analysis. There may be a slight question as to whether they actually believe that analysis as such is wicked or that analysis has thus far been iniquitously practiced, but certainly they would have us make a radical change in psychological procedure. They would have us search experience and behavior for properties of organized wholes, rather than for such parts as can readily be conceived to owe none of their essential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characteristics to the wholes in which they happen to occur in any given instance. With proper apology for such unsolicited publicity, let us again turn our attention to the activity of Mr. Ruth. What would a plain, unenlightened psychologist say about the matter? What would the Gestaltist's creed require? The unenlightened one would attempt a kind of inventory of all that goes on during the Herculean production of a four-base wallop. What do the legs do and when do they do it? What do the arms do? What do the eyes do? How does the body sway? What does the great man think about? Does he say to himself, "It's a curve!" or "It's a fast one!" Or does a calm and even skepticism give way imperceptibly to accurate anticipation? When such matters as these had been separately determined, or even before all of them had been determined, the plain psychologist would want to know the relationships between actions of arms and legs and eyes and brain. He would not stop to remark that the performances of these various members belong to an organized whole, knocking-the-ball-over-the-fence. If they did not, he would not now be giving them attention. But he would wonder about how these particular parts ever came to belong to this particular whole. He knows that Mr. Ruth had arms and legs, and eyes and brain, long before this organization of his actions became a fact, and so the psychologist would assume that something has gone on during this man's earlier history to make him precisely what he is today. The plain psychologist might actually investigate that past history, or he might attempt its reconstruction from what is known first-hand of the genesis of other acts of skill. Now it is hard to see how such interests and procedures constitute a flight from the reality of the whole to the artificiality of disconnected parts. The primary interest is in the whole business of knocking a home run. But remember that explanation can never come in terms of that which we would explain. Into the explanation of Mr. Ruth's achievement we may introduce the movements of his various muscles, their relations one to the other, and such matters as his state of mind. We may describe the lad of thirty years ago and trace his changing capabilities with the passing years. But the explanation of Mr. Ruth that throws least light upon his organized behavior is the fact that his behavior is organized. For the plain psychologist, that fact is the problem; it cannot also be the solution. He would, of course, recognize that the total integratedness of the home-run king might conceivably explain something. If a Hottentot should enter the Yankee stadium and inquire why the portly gentleman is drawing back his club, it would be logically valid (though it might not be informing) to remark that it is because this act is an inseparable aspect of hitting a home run. But the psychologist would hardly choose the *why* of the club swinging as his problem. He would be more likely to take the *how* of the home run.

We may now turn to the manner in which the Gestaltist would investigate the same phenomenon. If he were as anxious to avoid analysis as his literal words sometimes indicate, he would have to content himself with a kind of all-embracing empathy of the royal swat. But if one is to judge by such investigations as he has actually performed, one would expect him to proceed straightway to an analysis of home-run hitting, but one would also expect this analysis to be somewhat disguised by the fact that the parts and characteristics into which he would break the whole would not be conventional parts. The Gestaltist would note that from Mr. Ruth's own point of view, the total field of experience, while knocking the ball over the fence, has background and foreground. As long as he insisted that this division was in characteristics of a whole experience and not in the nature of its parts, his procedure would not disturb his conscience. He might be interested in the genetic story of how this expert got that way, though we might predict from his past performance that he would have little taste for doing more in this regard than referring to the fact that Mr. Ruth got that way because of the fact that properly constituted individuals would naturally tend to get that way. The Gestaltist has a hearty antipathy for the chaos out of which the plain pyschologist conceives the cosmos of organization to develop. But if the chaos be not faced, one can not give a genetic story of the cosmos, because one could say merely that cosmos came from cosmos, and such a story would have no plot. In every step of his effort to explain the integrated whole, the Gestaltist would keep ringing in its wholeness. Whenever he mentioned a part of the whole, he would apologize by saying that this part is the part that is a part of the whole. Upon such a procedure, two verdicts might possibly be passed. If the Gestaltist's principal interest were not after all in the whole, he might explain a wide variety of part activities and partial developments by telling us the wholes to which they belong. In the grandstand he might prove just the guide for a Hottentot whose main perplexity is concerned with the drawing back of the club. If, on the other hand, the Gestaltist's interest is in those problems that psychologists have long been trying to solve—in the sources of organization—then by harping upon organization as the key to organization, he is merely enjoying a dizzy waltz on a dime.

The Gestaltists have carried out most of their own investigations in the relatively specialized field of the optical illusions. It is in this connection that practically all of their positive principles have been discussed. There is one broad conception, however, which is more widely applicable. *Insight* is its name. According to one of the latest treatments of the subject, insight is that feeling one has when one knows what one is about. Upon first thought there might be some wonder as to how anybody could get excited over such a homely matter. But psychologists have a remarkable capacity for trans-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forming innocent little facts into serpents of academic controversy, and their powers of transformation have not failed them in the present instance.

The common man sees no special problem in the fact that he sometimes knows what he is about. He greatly exaggerates the frequency of this event, but it arouses no wonder in him. The only difficulty for him is how he ever acts or thinks or feels without full insight into his own activity. The reason why the notion of an unconscious mind is so satisfactory to him is that it provides a mythical insight to satisfy the want of an observable one. The psychologist has tended away from the position of the comman man. Having noticed how little the efficiency of our subsequent activity ordinarily depends upon the clarity of preceding insight, he has developed a good deal of suspicion toward this magic state. He has got so he no longer trusts anything but expert testimony as to whether in a given case such a state of flashing enlightenment has really occurred. And even when sure that something of the kind has happened, he is not satisfied until he has some good hard facts about it. This latter attitude depends, of course, upon his belief that when a person says "I had an idea," "I had a hunch," "It suddenly came to me," and so on, there are many things that may have taken place. There may have been an elaborate set of relations put straight at the level of thought, and then again there may have been merely a sudden relief from a prolonged postural tension. The point is that the psychologist has relegated to folklore the belief that there is a simple condition of the mind, called *understanding,* or *insight,* which can be focussed like a searchlight upon the crucial secrets of coming events.

The Gestaltists have returned to the old tale. Although they would grant that one occasionally acts effectively without insight, and that one occasionally comes to grief in spite of insight, they would insist that it is typical for orderly activity to flow out of a flash of understanding. And they have also insisted that insight is not a phenomenon to be skeptical about. It is not to be regarded as meaningless until reduced to more abstract and more certain terms. It is not to be rendered lifeless by classification.

Thus, the argument over insight reduces itself to a more general problem of scientific logic, which we have already considered. If one's interest is in explaining a given type of event, one cannot apply to that business the event itself as constituting an explanatory principle. If one refuses to reduce to lower, colder terms that fact which is one's major interest, one has only one way out. One can desert the tortuous roads of rigorous logic for that more thrilling state in which one imbibes in a great gulp the essence of unanalyzed fact.

Revolutions have actually taken place in science, but psychology has done its real developing in a gradual fashion. There have been few experiments that have not required the checks and interpretations produced by scores of later experiments. The larger theories have always been at least as wrong as right, and only with time have their true elemeits stood out. With such an historical background, one can well afford to be suspicious of those theories that look upon themselves as sudden entrances into enlightenment.

The Gestaltists have announced that psychology is very young and they have offered their wares as an elixir of growth. Let us hope that psychology and every other science is young, but there are reasons to believe that their maturation will require more than a fraternity pin and a pair of long pants.

EDWARD S. ROBINSON.

The Bantam Star

Is this the Blackbird's richest song—
  Is this his greatest hour?
And still the Bee stands on his head,
  To suck his sweetest flower;
While I, a poet with my pen,
Make music only known to men.

How merrily this bantam world
  Can clap his wings and crow!
Is there a merrier world than this?
  "No," says the Blackbird—"No:
No other worlds, though bigger far,
Can match this little bantam star!"

W. H. DAVIES.

For a Self-Possessed Friend

Many of us too often now have granted
Praise to some insolent bright thing.
Our ghosts are simple—we are not haunted
Beyond the moment when those spectres spring
Irresolutely to the mind and fade.
We praise the word, forget the deed;
Praise furred gold leave in April, not the seed
Tissued of delicate blind agony;
Praise wine, or wit with malice at the heart,
Tolerance in the weak, or innocently
The impeccable unspeaking line of art
In brute stone cut, in paint, in slow bronze cast.
And we, who praise so much, praise last
The generosity of some calm fool.
But there is one who does not praise at all,
Or praising, stops, and seems to turn his eye
Toward some commensurate cold finality
That once he guessed, or dreamed, or read about.
I think, good friend, you do not praise enough
Some things; for instance now, the perilous stuff
Of your own youth. It is not long—beneath
The door, the wind—the candle gone black out.
It is an arrogance to save your breath
Until the time when, self-possessed, you stand
With measured approbation where await
In darkling kindliness the bored and bland
Incurious angels of the nether gate.

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Orange Groves and Jails"

The California Red Flag Law Finds Its First Victims

ONCE more California has been saved from the threatening hand of Moscow. A law on the statute books since 1919, but now applied for the first time, has been invoked against the rebels who displayed the red flag. It has produced, after one trial in court, four felons and a suicide Now at last, after being conquered by the sword and cross of Spain, then exploited by Mexico, and finally annexed by the military power of the United States, the state is safe in the possession of retired Iowa farmers, real-estate experts, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, and the Better America Federation.

For the past three years the Young Workers' League—a Communist organization—and the International Labor Defense have conducted a Workers' Children's Summer Camp in the Yucaipa Valley near the town of San Bernardino, sixty miles from Los Angeles. In this camp, forty-odd children from ten to sixteen years old—for the most part of German or Russian Jewish parents too poor to provide them with a more expensive outing—enjoyed themselves running about in bathing suits, breathing the country air, eating wholesome food, going on excursions into the hills, dancing, singing radical songs and sleeping in the open. The charge for each child was nominal: six dollars if the parents could afford it, otherwise nothing.

During three seasons the camp functioned undisturbed, until suddenly the patriots of Southern California awoke to the peril in their midst. On August 1, the day appointed by the Communist party of the world for universal peace demonstrations, a squad of more than a dozen stalwart men and true, many of them carrying firearms—representatives of the American Legion, the Better America Federation, the local police and perhaps other loyal organizations—descended on the peaceful children's camp and commanded the assembled multitude—forty children, eight women and one man—to disperse. They refused. Two days later another raid was made on the camp by the same men, led this time by the sheriff of San Bernardino in full panopy of war and by Lieutenant W. F. Hynes of the "Red Squad" of the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles police. Seven women—Yetta Stromberg, Emma Schneiderman, Esther Karpiloff, Jennie Wolfson, Bella Mintz, Sarah Cutler and Sarah Berkowitz—and one man, Isadore Berkowitz, were thrown into the San Bernardino county jail, accused of displaying and conspiring to display the red flag as a symbol of opposition to organized government, and thus committing a felony under the terms of the California penal code. Three children—Herman Bank, Mary Mintz and Harvey Baron—were kept in Juvenile Hall as witnesses against their friends and relatives.

Bail was set at $1,000 for each of the accused. The Civil Liberties Union promptly supplied the money from its bail fund, and the International Labor Defense engaged Attorney John Beardsley to defend the prisoners.

The local press—with the exception of The Los Angeles Record—treated the whole affair in its charmingly impartial manner. The Examiner had half a page devoted to the raids, with pictures of the camp and its vicious inhabitants. It was stated that the children ran about half nude, clad only in sun suits and bathing suits, that the boys and girls slept only a short distance apart in the open air—the implication being, of course, that the children were not only radical but immoral. Moreover, they were accused of permitting themselves to be taught communistic doctrines, of hatred for the American flag and of love for the red flag of anarchy.

The case against Sarah Berkowitz was dismissed for lack of evidence. It was proved she had not been in the camp when she was arrested. The jury trial of the six women and one man opened on October 1, in the San Bernardino Superior Court before Judge Charles Allison. The prosecutor, District Attorney George H. Johnson of San Bernardino, in fiery periods, assured the attentive small-town jury that if the accused were not convicted and given the full penalty of the law, in ten years the red flag of anarchy would be flying over the land. He was permitted to read extracts from disloyal communistic literature found in the possession of one of the defendants, Yetta Stromberg. Radical terms, particularly "bourgeois" and "bourgeoisie," were rather difficult for him to pronounce. In all important details he was prompted by Lieutenant Hynes. The district attorney was also permitted to read his war exploits into the record, but the attorney for the defense, John Beardsley, was forbidden to mention the fact that the one male defendant, Isadore Berkowitz, aged thirty-four, had been badly gassed and shell-shocked in the War.

Yetta Stromberg, the leading spirit of the group, a girl of nineteen, a former student at the University of California at Los Angeles and now a dressmaker, admitted being a teacher at the summer camp and participating in the frightfully seditious exercises held each morning. A red flag was displayed; the children all repeated orally: "I pledge allegiance to the workers' red flag and to the cause

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for which it stands. One aim throughout our lives —freedom for the working class."

Miss Stromberg denied that the red flag was a symbol of opposition to organized government. She believed in organized government—the organized government of all producers for the common good. To her and to millions of others, she said, the red flag was a symbol of the universal solidarity and brotherhood of all the working-class.

It was not proved that any of the older defendants had ever seen the "inflammatory" literature which was found in the camp library. Three of the women said they were not Communists, but had come to the camp to work so that their children might be provided with a summer outing for which they could not afford to pay.

A week and a half later, five of the defendants were found guilty of conspiracy to fly the red flag, and Yetta Stromberg was pronounced guilty on the additional count of flying the red flag. Bail was immediately augmented to $7,500 for Miss Stromberg and $4,000 for each of the others. Sarah Cutler, merely a visitor at the camp, was acquitted.

Before the time appointed for the sentencing of the convicted defendants, Mrs. Kate Crane-Gartz, a wealthy radical sympathizer of Altadena, Cal., and a member of the Civil Liberties Union, wrote a letter to Judge Allison asking him whether he couldn't tell, as he listened to Miss Stromberg, "that she was a young woman of high principles and ideals, and not a criminal fit only for crucifixion." Mrs. Crane-Gartz was fined $75 for contempt of court.

On October 22, the evening preceding the day appointed for sentence, an unexpected tragedy occurred. Isadore Berkowitz, the World War victim and the only male defendant, committed suicide. "He cheated the law by hanging himself," explained The Los Angeles Times.

The following day judgment was pronounced. The five women were sentenced to serve from six months to five years each in the state penitentiary at San Quentin. Three of the women are mothers. Judge Allison refused probation for the three non-Communist women. The case will now be taken before the District Court of Appeals. According to Attorney Beardsley, this is the first instance in California of prosecution under the so-called Red Flag Law, although it has been part of the penal code since 1919. Certain patriotic bodies in the state are resolved that this prosecution shall not be the last. "It is quite possible," says Mr. Beardsley, "and it seems to be probable, that the Yucaipa Camp case is the opening gun of a renewed campaign for the persecution of radicals and their sympathizers."

In the meantime, when the Soviet flyers reached San Francisco, it was reliably reported that the red flag of Communist Russia, during the official welcome extended by the municipality, flew side by side with the Stars and Stripes.

CONRAD SEILER.

Washington Notes

PROBABLY the extra session of Congress, which in the Senate has been exceedingly absurd, will have adjourned before this appears in print. Already what seems to be a practical agreement has been reached on a date and the thing seems assured, though such are the vagaries of the senatorial mind that even this is not a safe bet. Of course, there is no sense at all in adjourning fifteen days before the end automatically comes, but what difference does that make? Other than the necessity of collecting mileage, which cannot be done if the extra session runs into the regular one (and you hate to impute so sordid a motive to such noble men), the only excuse I have heard for dropping the poor old, shot-to-pieces tariff bill now and wasting the last two weeks is that the Senators are tired, worn out by the work, fatigued by their labors, and need a rest, which is just so much eyewash. The fiction that the senatorial burden is heavy is one of the most hollow we have, but its preservation is one in which the Senators have splendid coöperation from all the most serious-minded members of the "corps of correspondents." Probably the unconscious reason for this coöperation is the necessity for preserving the fiction that the burdens of the Washington correspondents are also heavy. As a matter of fact, they are heavier than those of the Senators, but it is a bluff on both sides, made interesting solely by the fact that each is convinced of its reality. So far as the Senators are concerned, the idea is essential in order that their constituents, most of whom are incapable of thought, may take them seriously. As for the correspondents, if they are not convinced that they work hard, how are they going to convince their managing editors?

But this is an unprofitable discussion. The bogging down of the extra session two weeks before the end, due to the worn-out condition of the hard-worked Senators, presents the opportunity to assay its results. If any element, faction, party or person is satisfied with them, I do not know what it is. Certainly Mr. Hoover is not. No pretense is made even by the medicine-ball boys that he is happy. On the contrary, it can be said with complete assurance that he is considerably disgusted. In my opinion, part of the disgust ought to be with himself, principally because of his failure properly to size up the situation, exercise the right sort of judgment and play his cards well. There is no question that Mr. Hoover intensely disliked the bill as it came out of the Finance Committee controlled by the regular members of his party. It was distinctly in conflict with his expressed recommendation, an unmistakable affront to him. He was at heart in sympathy with the Democratic-Progressive denunciation of the rates in the bill and with their efforts to reduce them.

He was not, of course, in sympathy with their attitude on debenture and the flexible provision. He spoke out strongly and emphatically on those, but said nothing at all about the rates. This is where he made his mistake. Apparently he believed—and still does—that if and when the bill goes into conference he will get everything he wants, just as he did on farm relief. Even if he eventually does, he will not be relieved of the charges that his extra

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

session has flatly failed and that his leadership has been feeble and ineffective. Also his lack of frankness about the rates, which clashed with his known views, lends color to the allegation that he preferred to play with and rely on the Old Guard, and would take the dose they had prepared, if it could be sufficiently diluted to swallow without a too-mortifying exhibition. My personal opinion is that this does Mr. Hoover an injustice, and that he would have vetoed a bill which seemed to him bad. I believe that he hoped to apply his pressure and do his talking most effectively after the bill got into conference, and thought it would be bad policy for him to speak on rates until after the bill got through the Senate, and the rates were there fixed, and he really knew what they were. There is, to be sure, an argument for this attitude, but I think it was poor judgment

However, it must be admitted that Herbert's Armistice Day address did considerable to restore prestige and nullify the politically harmful effects of the flop he has made in the extra session. I have before pointed out what I believe to be true, that if the London naval conference is spectacularly successful, the popularity of Mr. Hoover with the masses of the people will be enormously strengthened and the criticisms of the sort above made of him will seem trivial and unimportant. So far as people generally are concerned, the interest in the tariff is spotty and thin. The popular disposition is always to side with the President as against the Senate. Any President moving aggressively toward peace, strikes a responsive note all over the country. Hoover is moving in that direction and with intense earnestness. Whatever the realities in the path of his food-security proposal, the direction is unmistakable and the idea, couched in simple language, appeals to the voters because they can measurably understand it. On the tariff, the public mind is badly blurred, and will be further confused by the buck-passing and campaign cries from both sides next year. The food-ship proposal is something people can grasp, and the reaction, particularly from the Democratic press, proves it.

For one thing, it contrasts with that amazingly truculent speech just a year ago of the timid Calvin, no adequate explanation of which as to either authorship or inspiration has ever been given. For another, it contrasted with the Senate situation, with its "sons of the wild jackass" silliness, its unsavory Bingham-Eyanson incident and its general small-bore bitterness and bickerings. It was a new note and from a higher plane. It put the President in a favorable light and showed him functioning in the role he is best equipped to play. Further, it did considerable to blot out the Hiram Johnson incident and letter, which upset the Secretariat, disturbed the medicine-ball cabinet, and was from start to finish bad business. Altogether, the speech was sound presidential politics, particularly sound because it was sincere.

The net effect of the speech would justify the Hoover circle in feeling serene about the lovely mess in which the extra session ends, with the tariff bill on the ropes, a hostile coalition in control, and the regular Republican leadership in a pathetic state of disintegration and demoralization—if it were not for one thing. That, of course, is the terrifically depressed condition of the stock market and the inevitable sagging of trade bound to follow. That is serious—serious not only from the economic but also from the political standpoint. A change in the psychology of the country from optimism to pessimism is the greatest danger any administration can have. If the slump really proves to be bad, the prosperity argument that so effectually retained the Republican party in power in spite of its criminal record will be impossible. And that affords the Democrats their real chance of gaining control of the House next year. It is a chance that takes all the joy out of life for the Hoover group. It is his worst piece of luck.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Sean O'Casey and Victor Chenkin

The Silver Tassie, by Sean O'Casey. Irish Theater, October 27, 1929.

Victor Chenkin. Times Square Theater, November 3, 1929.

UNTIL "The Silver Tassie" came to the Irish Theater I had not seen a challenging thing this season. There have been good things and bad things, fortunate and delightful moments, or moments that failed to go off or were boring; but there has been nothing that presented a theory or point of view; nothing that, good or bad as it might be, you knew to be what it was because of some intention or cause, some challenging method or school or style or technical theory or theory of life. Mr. Sean O'Casey's play does challenge you. A great many questions arise in your mind, problems of realism, of removal in style, of production, of diction, of unity of tone, of inclusiveness.

This play tells the story of a young man, Harry Heegan, who had in his time won the silver cup three times in football contests. Susie loves him, he loves Jessie. He and other soldiers are at home on leave from the front. He starts out, when the boat whistle has sounded, turns from Jessie for a last moment with his mother, and the curtain falls. In the second act, the scene is somewhere in France, a ruined abbey sort of place, with a slanting crucifix on one side and on the other a soldier with his arms tied up in a cross, taking his punishment for stealing a goose. The Kyrie Eleison is sung in a chapel to the right. The soldiers talk, or sing, for all through this act the movement is ritualistic and the lines are sung to music that is sardonically reminiscent of the church service. A worker for the soldiers' welfare comes; the act ends with the guns firing. In the third act, the young man is in a wheel chair, his legs paralyzed. An operation, the second, is to be made tomorrow. Susie is now a nurse. The hospital doctor is singing songs around her. The hero's father and old friends are in the same hospital. His mother comes and others from his town at home. Jessie is with them, but lingers on the lawns below, walking with another man, and sends him flowers and his ukulele. He asks God to give him a square deal. In the last act, there is a dance at the football club. Jessie is with the other man, Harry's old friend; everyone is merry with wine, balloons and danc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. Susie is with the doctor; there is a blind soldier, there are old men, the mother, the neighbors; and life is trivial, running in trite grooves, oblivious of the crippled man, to whom these people mean to be kind. He is wheeled out at last by the blind soldier, and the dancing begins again. "It's a terrible pity," the wife of the blind man says, "Harry was too weak to stay an' sing his song, for there's nothing I love more than the ukulele's tinkle-tinkle in the night-time."

The story gives very little of the play's quality, which is now realistic, as in the first act, and now poetic, stylized, arbitrary, elaborate, highly written, sardonic, expressionistic as the case may be, moment by moment and line by line. Many of the passages in this play come from the darkened and sharp and tragic soul of a poet. The things written here about the secret torture of the man after he has been made a cripple are bitter and often beautiful. The drawing is nearly always marked and full of sudden and bold transitions; the outline of the motives and explanations—the explanation of how so many people from home got there at the hospital, for example—is left simple and high-handed; but that is all a part of the author's intention of keeping the play as far from reality, or realism, as he chooses and when he chooses. We are realistic, almost photographic, and then, without preparation, we are very much stylized, or poetic or arranged. Sometimes, the effect is merely adolescent. The impression of this work is that of a gift streaked with genius, unequal, willful, bold and not always interesting. The play, moreover, suffers here in America from the lack of a surrounding social condition or artistic current that might give it more searching applications and feed it fires; a good deal of it only shoots into the air. In this work is the mind of a poet that to me at least is more striking and tormented than memorable or moving or important. What I like best in "The Silver Tassie" is the strong, searched-out drawing, in the sense that might be applied to certain modern painting.

The production of a play so full of differing planes as this play is, would be a problem for anybody. How to be natural one minute and to talk a removed and poetic or expressionistic dialogue the next, how to do scenes that are written in patterns, how to handle in the midst of a wholly modern scene a passage that dilates the range of things said and felt to Elizabethan variety and Elizabethan rashness and flight, is a problem indeed, and something that no modern theater that I have seen has ever got quite established as yet. The present-day dramatists' writing in such instances is not yet wholly established, not set, in key and method. The acting at the Irish Theater was only passable, sometimes not that, but Mr. Miceal Breathnach in his directing did a good piece of work. In the second act, where the play is most expressionistic and stylized, he succeeded best. To teach actors to imitate nature is not always so difficult; to coach them effectively for an elaborate visual design is a hard business.

Advice to Mr. Chenkin

In his New York beginnings last year, Mr. Victor Chenkin made a fine start, as is clear from his announcement of eight appearances on successive Sunday evenings at the Times Square Theater. In his best numbers, Mr. Chenkin puts most of the theatrical entertainments on Broadway to shame, both as to what he does himself and the amount of enthusiasm and delight arising from his audience. He announces himself on the billboards as "the singing actor," which is right, for he is a remarkable actor, but which does not indicate sufficiently the excellence of his voice and his musical gifts. He phrases well, and does little violence to the musical form in each of the pieces that he is using for his characterizations and dramatic effects. His voice is as much of an actor as the rest of him. It can take, with an ease that plainly comes from the dramatic feeling behind it and from very good training, many diverse qualities; it can be restrained and clear, for the Old French, white for the Italian, covered and haunting for the Gypsy, rich and moving for the Jewish; and for the Cossack and Ukrainian, best of all, his tone becomes wild and metallic, that dark, sharp, indescribable quality in the Tartar voice that we all know, and that colors, with immense power, some of the most cultivated Russian voices.

Mr. Chenkin sings in costume a program that contains a number from the French ballads, of which Rataplan is one of the most effective warhorses; a number from the age of sentiment, the world of Alfred de Musset and his sighing friends; a Gypsy number; a Chassidic number, in two costumes, two personages; a Neapolitan number; a Ukrainian number; sometimes, the Cossack number. Of these the Ukrainian, partly because of the remarkable make-up and characterization, is perhaps the best, certainly the most striking; but the Yiddish is as good and is more profound, with its Jewish ritual, solemn, tragic passion and crude comedy; and the Cossack is as wild and exciting as songs can be. The advice to Mr. Chenkin arrives with the other three numbers on the program.

Of these, the songs from the age of sentiment are not bad, provided they were more varied and not all so close to recitations; he needs to put in some song that would show more of the melodic. The Neapolitan songs should be entirely overhauled. In a vague and old-style way, this interpretation is true, the gamin of the Naples streets as once seen by operatic travelers, gay, carefree, shining and quick. But false too. Moreover a warmer and more lovely song is needed, for Naples is not all so bright, staccato, slight-voiced and merry. There should be a hint, too, of gravity, the gravity of an animal, now and then. And the costume needs to be changed entirely from that snowy-legged, gaily striped, picturesquely rent and patched effect, and that moth-eaten wig—tousled, if you like, but not so dry and dim. About the French number in the black-and-white jester's costume, dear no doubt to the singer's heart, one must be hard. It is good singing, good phrasing; there are indications of good control and so on. But the whole effect is not on a level with the best parts of Mr. Chenkin's program, and is somehow unconvincing and too marked dramatically, too obvious; its qualities seem external and the total effect is rather embarrassing to discriminating admirers.

One more point. At a bull-fight, one of the first things we see is the bull charging a horse; we see the gore, we realize the power of the bull, and after that we feel the right tension and excitement and sense of danger in the ring. Following this lead, Mr. Chenkin ought to indicate somewhere very early in his program the amount of voice

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he really has, how he can sing when it comes to straight volume and tone. This would not only impress the theater crowd but would increase our pleasure in the variety of voices, and the subordination of the voice itself, that he exhibits most of the time. And where is that song of the rabbi to his pupils that he sings so unforgettably, with so much fanaticism, grandeur and power?

He should not be afraid to keep that song on every program, to show what he himself can be.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Borsodi's Way Out

SIR: Mr. Borsodi's "way out" has been referred to as the "domestic system." I understand that in the domestic system, the family group produces articles for sale. The classic example is the manufacture of cloth in England before the industrial revolution. It is adapted to high prices and small capital and, in competition with the factory system, it degenerates into the sweat-shop.

But this cannot be the system to which Mr. Borsodi refers, since he objects to selling any of his produce. His system is more like that used by the Romans and many other ancient peoples and called, I believe, "family economy." The unit of production, the family group, is the same as in the domestic system, but the purpose is entirely different, since the goods are intended to be used by the group that produced them. Because the producer can cheat nobody but himself, he is encouraged to make a limited quantity of as good a quality as he knows how. . . .

The American farm furnishes an example of a change from what was once dominantly family economy to a form of the domestic system that sometimes approaches a sweat-shop. There has been a corresponding change in the quality of the product and in the viewpoint. I recently heard a dairyman express both viewpoints when he said that Holstein milk was plenty good enough to sell to the city consumer, but that every self-respecting farmer should keep good Guernseys for his own table.

There is another system involved in the discussion of Mr. Borsodi's article which, so far as I know, has never received a name. Its most extreme example is to be found in hotel life. It is a system of consumption corresponding to the factory system of production. In the factory-hotel system the worker is paid wages to produce goods over which he has no control. As a consumer, he buys everything he needs in the open market at a considerable advance in price. This, rather than the domestic system, is the one that should be compared to family economy. Family economy stresses goods; the factory-hotel system distracts attention from goods and stresses money .It tends to put all the family eggs into one basket (money or credit) and then hands the basket over to the control of bankers, employers, speculators, high-pressure salesmen and captains of industry. It is the delight of great executives, who do all the deciding, and of morons, who wish to decide nothing. It appears to be a secure life, with a fixed income and regular hours of work. The fact that the income may at best be too small to live on with comfort, and that everything goes when the job goes, is apt to be overlooked by the rural population, who have no experience with it. Also, the work is very monotonous.

As between the domestic and the factory systems of production, I will bet on the factory system, and so, I suppose, would Mr. Borsodi. But as between the hotel and family economy systems of consumption I am not so sure. One of the difficulties experienced by Mr. Borsodi's critics is due to the tendency to calculate all profits in terms of money rather than goods, and to ignore the time element entirely. The importance of time may be seen in the case of shelter. There is a widely accepted belief that it is cheaper to rent than to own a house. I am living in an eight-room house situated on three acres of land. This year the interest on investment, taxes and insurance on house, out-buildings and car, and the cost of painting the house, will not exceed $500. This is less than six dollars per room per month. In addition I have much greater security of tenure than a renter. I can remain in my house for four years after I have ceased to pay taxes. After two years, the authorities can sell the tax lien on the property, but the purchaser cannot take possession for another two years, and then only if I am still unable to repay him with interest at not more than 9 percent.

This combination of the factory system and family economy, to the extent of owning a home with enough ground for a garden and chickens, is widely accepted among skilled craftsmen as safer than either alone. It enables them to divide their eggs between two baskets, and if one upsets they may be able to save the other. But anyone who moves into the country expecting to make money selling produce in addition to his work in the factory, is sure to be disappointed. Selling produce requires either specialization or a tremendous amount of time hunting up markets. It never pays to try to sell small quantities of anything. . . .

Princeton, N. J. ADELAIDE GEMBERLING.

Wanted: Letters of William James

SIR: I am engaged in the preparation of a volume in which I propose to make use of original letters of William James not contained in the volume published by Mr. Henry James in 1920. Important letters have come to light since that time and there are no doubt others which neither Mr. James nor I have seen. I should be very grateful for information leading to their discovery. May I use your kind offices to make this known to the circle of your readers? My address is 447 Widener Library, Cambridge, Mass.

Cambridge, Mass. RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Mr. Grattan's Share

SIR: I am exceedingly sorry that in my review of Paxton Hibben's "The Peerless Leader" I failed to mention the fact that the book was completed by Mr. C. Hartley Grattan. I may say in excuse that I reviewed the book in Chicago from galleys which did not include the publisher's explanatory foreword. In view of the fact that Mr. Grattan wrote the last nine chapters from material collected by Mr. Hibben, he will, I trust, accept as a compliment my statement that, "One feels the author's own vivid personality in every line."

New York City. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Not *the* Foreign Office

SIR: Typographical mistakes are rarely worth correction; but in my article on the naval question I am unfortunately made to say that the Foreign Office—by which is generally understood the British Foreign Office—has an ingrained liking for alliances; this apparent attack on Mr. MacDonald, whose visit has been productive of such excellent results, has puzzled and pained some of my friends. There is, of course, as the whole context shows, no attempt on the part of Great Britain to inveigle the United States into an alliance. What I wrote was "foreign offices," and in the "s" is a world of difference. Certain Continental countries have indeed the "alliance complex"; they seek allies for themselves, and they see in any friendly exchanges between Great Britain and the United States the beginning of an alliance. Which is precisely what I denied; and what all sensible observers deny.

New York City. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

The California Red Flag Law

SIR: May I call your attention to the Red Flag case at San Bernardino, which, in my opinion as a lawyer and a citizen, is of very deep importance. The Red Flag law has been in the Penal Code of California since 1919, but so far as I have been able to learn, there never has been a prosecution under it until now. Beginning in 1919 and continuing for several years, there were many prosecutions under the California Criminal Syndicalism law, and about 165 members of the I. W. W. were convicted and sent to prison. Later, the appellate courts settled down

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to their normal judicial attitude and reversed a number of convictions, and in their decisions, so to speak, drew a number of the teeth of the prosecutions under the Syndicalism law. As a result, for several years now there has been no prosecution under that law in this state.

But now, stimulated by the American Legion and the Better America Federation, the Red Flag law has been dug up and employed as a means of jailing not only Communists, but friends and sympathizers of the Communists, for their political and industrial beliefs. It is quite possible, and it seems to me probable, that the Yucaipa camp Red Flag case is the opening gun of a renewed campaign for the suppression and persecution of radicals and their sympathizers. The law is vicious enough, but the application of the law is much more so. The district attorneys need only get before juries some of the inflammatory propagandist utterances of Communists somewhere in the world at some time, so to inflame the minds of the jurors that they would convict their grandmothers.

In the Yucaipa case, which grew out of a summer camp for workers' children in the San Bernardino mountains, only one of the defendants was shown to have any knowledge of the existence of the inflammatory literature which was found in the camp library. Yet the jury convicted six of the seven defendants of conspiracy to display a red flag as an emblem of opposition to organized government and of anarchism and of sedition.

And, apparently as a direct result of these prosecutions, the Better America Federation has started a campaign among the women's clubs and in the newspapers for a law to prevent any Communist being a teacher in the schools. The country and the world ought to know what is going on in California, which Upton Sinclair calls "the land of orange groves and jails."

The Yucaipa case is not so dramatic as the Gastonia case, but as an expression of the spirit of the times and as a forerunner of what may follow, it may be the more significant and far-reaching of the two.

JOHN BEARDSLEY.

Los Angeles, Cal.

[A more extended account of this important case is given in "Orange Groves and Jails," which appears in this issue of The New Republic. Mr. Beardsley is the attorney for the defendants.—THE EDITORS.]

The Legion and Militarism

SIR: Seldom do I read an article in The New Republic that I enjoy more than I did your recent consideration of the bills and programs for conscription, before Congress. Especially I think that the article was correct in describing the probable results that would be reached under the measures advocated by the American Legion, but I feel that you will agree that it would be futile to undertake to modify the Legion's position.

The Willard Straight Post of the American Legion was active in one of the last real attempts to liberalize the American Legion. This was in the winter of 1920-21. The delegates from the Willard Straight Post joined with us from Union Theological Seminary in this attempt. We felt that the Legion should no longer be the means of propaganda for the militarists and were anxious that protection of civil liberties be made a part of the Legion's program.

This undertaking met with the same defeat that our minority had suffered at the first National Convention of the American Legion in Minneapolis in 1919. At that time there was an attempt to distinguish between compulsory military service and military training. To quote from a Minneapolis daily:

> Universal military training of the youth of the land, with express provisions that there be no compulsory military service in time of peace, was last night adopted as one of the basic policies of the American Legion. The distinction between training and compulsory service is made plain.

This was the gist of the news after the Convention had rejected the minority report of the Military Policy Committee. Bennett Clark, son of the late Champ Clark, in his minority report, suggested that the question of compulsory military training be voted on by a referendum of the Legion. This proposal was rejected. Then there followed an attack on the majority report and a few of us tried to expose the militarist's policy embodied in the majority report. This majority report was adopted and its program was summarized in the quotation made above.

However, the attempted distinction between the compulsory military training and compulsory military service is of no value. If the young men receive military training, that is all the militarists want. "Draft laws" would do the rest. The whole question centers around whether or not we want to embark on the policy that ruined the German empire.

Today the Legion is offering its regular military program, and the militarists through the Legion are merely suggesting a sugar-coated pill in offering to draft capital.

ROLLAND BRADLEY,
Member, Texas House of Representatives.

Houston, Texas.

The Public Defender

SIR: The movement to establish by law the office of Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons in the Criminal Courts—which has been spreading rapidly throughout the country during the past few years—has received a powerful impetus recently.

This proposed reform, according to the press reports, has just received approval in a nation-wide preferential vote taken by the National Economic League with respect to this and other reforms, looking toward an improvement in the administration of justice.

Another valuable source of support to this essentially humane movement for a Public Defender is the public declaration made recently by Mr. Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for Mayor of New York City, in which he urged that such office be maintained on an equal footing with that of Public Prosecutor.

It is significant also that one of the present candidates for District Attorney of New York County has declared publicly that if elected he will be as keenly interested in protecting the innocent as in punishing the guilty, and that the District Attorney's function is to be more judicial and less partisan.

The writer, as Chairman of the Committee on Public Defenders of the New York State Bar Association, recently presented an outline of the Public Defender proposal to the Hon. George W. Wickersham, Chairman of President Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement. It is hoped that a hearing may be had before this Commission shortly.

The successful demonstration of the value, efficiency and economy of the Public Defender's office as an aid in the administration of justice in the various American communities where it has been tested, and the work done by the Voluntary Defenders' Committee in New York County, testify eloquently as to the need for the establishment of Public Defenders in every criminal court of this country.

Chief Justice Taft, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, Justice William Harman Black and many other distinguished judges, lawyers and sociologists, have endorsed this proposal, as have numerous civic, political, labor and women's organizations throughout the country.

The writer's Public Defender Bill will be re-introduced in the New York Legislature at the coming session and a vigorous fight will be made to pass the bill.

The poor man in the courts should be given a real equality before the law. He should have the right to a real defense—not a perfunctory one. Too often, under present conditions, he is discriminated against, not because of his guilt, but because of his poverty. The present system of assigned counsel is archaic, unfair and unsatisfactory. It should be replaced by a system of public defense which will give a fair trial to all persons accused of crime—regardless of race, creed, color or purse. Justice is the ultimate goal. Charity does not avail as a substitute for justice. An accused person—presumptively innocent until proven guilty—is entitled to have all the resources of the state to prove his innocence—quite as logically as the People now have to prove his guilt.

The Public Defender is a step toward democracy of justice—and as such, it should appeal to all fair-minded people.

New York City. MAYER C. GOLDMAN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Life of Mrs. Eddy

Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind, by Edwin Franden Dakin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 553 pages. $5.

NO one with the faintest spirit of sportsmanship can help feeling a little pleased at the appearance of a non-partisan study of the founder of Christian Science. Except for the "official" biography by Miss Wilbur, every attempt at a detailed and documented account of this woman's life has been quickly suppressed through the action of her Church's authorities. Even Professor Woodbridge Riley's account of "Science and Health" in the Cambridge History of American Literature was withdrawn by the publishers; so the mere fact that the present work has seen the light is nothing less than an achievement. Messrs. Scribner's Sons should be congratulated on their courage; and Mr. Dakin deserves our thanks and confidence for the way in which he has carried out his task.

There is no miracle in the history of healing by faith that is more wonderful than Mrs. Eddy's success in imposing her personality upon the world. Mary Baker was born in a New Hampshire village in 1821. She was a neurotic and imaginative child who heard voices, went into convulsions, and from the earliest years found herself in the hands of doctors. By the time she had reached forty, one might say that invalidism was her chief preoccupation in life. She had had two husbands and had once become a mother without finding any fulfillment comparable to her imaginative demands; and though she shared with her neighbors the interest in spiritualism and mesmerism that swept the States in the forties, she seemed doomed to pass her existence without any distinction other than that of being the authoress of atrocious verses, and something of a nuisance to every person who had close relations with her.

The search for cures is an important part of the pseudo-tasks imposed by a neurosis; and in 1862 Mrs. Patterson, as she then was, set out for Portland to consult a genial, magnetic old faith-healer named Phineas Quimby. Quimby had discovered through the practice of hypnotism a secret which orthodox medicine is even to this day a little loath to recognize: namely, that a good part of its prescriptions derive their therapeutic value from suggestion, and that in many cases the cure takes place with equal promptitude if the suggestion is administered directly, instead of with the aid of the usual paraphernalia. He had no terminology for expressing these discoveries; but he did his best by using the terms of mesmerism and combining them with the tags of religious orthodoxy. Quimby had all but made the halt walk and the blind see; and he trembled a little at his own powers. "He made no definite charges to his patients, kept no accounts, and practised largely upon the poor and extremely ill." Obviously he was no charlatan.

Mrs. Eddy put herself under Quimby's care: her spinal weakness and hysteric attacks disappeared, and she became his pupil and friend. Unfortunately for her later claims to being the sole founder of Christian Science, she wrote panegyrics of Quimby in a contemporary Portland newspaper; and until he died, in 1866, she was dependent upon him and consulted him frequently. Her second husband deserted her. Between 1866 and 1870 she was a destitute woman, drifting from household to household, departing when she had worn out her welcome: a pitiful, weak, proud, exacting creature who, with all her miseries, still managed to keep afloat in her consciousness the sense of a mission, a high aim. During these harried years, she was writing diligently upon a mysterious book, later to be known as "Science and Health"; and when, in 1870, she finally settled down in Lynn, Mass., she was prepared to give a course of lectures upon Quimby's method of healing the sick.

To Quimby's psychological intuition, Mrs. Eddy had added, in "Science and Health," an imposing philosophy and theology, borrowed at random from the nebulous mass of transcendentalism which had begun with Bishop Berkeley and Swedenborg and reached a certain consummation of haziness in the written work of Bronson Alcott. She was prepared to prove that disease was an error of the mind, that mind only existed, that matter was another name for error, and that all evil belongs to matter. This creed presents a weird mass of contradictions: it was as free from the small necessities of logic as Mrs. Eddy's own life; but it had the merit of providing certain verbal formulæ and gestures, and since a considerable number of dire afflictions have a neurotic origin, Mrs. Eddy's practice was capable of alleviating them, and at times of effecting a complete cure. Like the patent medicine of its time, Christian Science professed to be a pain-killer; and like them it was commercially a "good thing." Whatever one might say about Mrs. Eddy's grammar, punctuation, poesy or logic, her teaching had the characteristic sanction of the Gilded Age: it was pragmatic; it worked. Mark Twain, who devastated her pretensions to deity and mistrusted her over-canny business sense, was ready to accept the validity of some of her cures; and we may agree with him.

Mrs. Eddy, in a brief dozen years, became a powerful figure; she founded a cult; she was the sole director and guide of the "Massachusetts Metaphysical College": her words, as published and revised in "Science and Health," became law to a corps of practitioners; and, as veritable proof of her missionary success, riches came flowing in to her. Such huge success would perhaps go to anyone's head. Mrs. Eddy even expanded the work of her college by introducing a course on metaphysical obstetrics; and for a world where matter was unreal, she hit upon the marvelous device of the absent treatment. She stamped out heresy with an iron foot; and she surrounded her person with an august mystery which would have done credit to the Grand Lama of Tibet—although the augustness never hesitated to acknowledge in print the numerous Christmas gifts that came from her disciples, and to display, like Mr. Stiggins, a certain interest in "vanities."

So much for the genesis of "Mother Eddy." There was no common term between the myth she had built up and the actuality she embodied. The chief of the healers was incapable of exercising her powers; worse than that, her own illness returned with exceptional violence, and frequently incapacitated her, so that she had recourse to morphine to allay her pains. In order to rationalize her aches and fears, she was forced to invent a devil which she called Malicious Animal Magnetism: anyone who concentrated upon evil thoughts was supposed, according to Mrs. Eddy, to be able to injure, even to kill—by metaphysical poisoning—the victim of his intentions. Her later life was lived in a plague of phobias and suspicions. Each disciple who broke away from her, Kennedy, Spofford, a succession of others, subjected her to fears of persecution. That a mind so ridden and a body so racked were nevertheless capable of working her will upon those around her shows that Mrs. Eddy had certain heroic qualities of soul; and Mr. Dakin does justice to these. Her reach always exceeded her grasp. It was not an ordinary personality that could turn its philosophic ignorance and its physical invalidism to such good account.

The founder of Christian Science is a classic case in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abnormal psychology: she achieved eminence, rather than the shelter of an asylum, because in the cranky and diseased society of which she was a part she was able to objectify her symptoms without flagrantly contradicting the logic of that society. Mr. Dakin, without any pretensions to thorough diagnosis, has indicated the nature of Mrs. Eddy's various troubles, and has shown their relation to her upbringing and her sexual repressions. He has, furthermore, given an exhaustive documentation to every phase of Mrs. Eddy's career; and in view of the suppression of an earlier documentary biography, that of Georgine Milmine, he is, I think, justified in the space he has given to the documents, repetitious and fatiguing though they sometimes are. He has avoided Mark Twain's temptation to make a butt of Mrs. Eddy's magnificent fatuousness; and one regrets, so fair are his intentions, that he has even occasionally underlined his statements with irony; for the total effect of his work is sympathetic: it is the facts that alienate us, and her own absurd pretensions that are deflated, by the mere act of exposure. In short, Mr. Dakin has committed an unforgivable offense against Mrs. Eddy: he has done her justice.

Only one thing is lacking in this biography; and that is a sense of the period. We do not see Mrs. Eddy in relation to the cults and institutions of her time: to Mormonism, to Transcendentalism, to the greasy chicane of postwar industrialism, to the psychology of the Boomtown prospectus, to the growth of monopoly and corporate business. How easy it was for middle-class people to swallow Eddyism! Hers was the theology of stock-promotion and credit-finance. Had Mr. Dakin taken a leaf from Mr. Gilbert Seldes's "The Stammering Century," his picture would have been richer. But one part, at least, he has accomplished with massive patience and with good temper; and I doubt if anyone will have to go over that particular part of the ground very soon again.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

American Music

An Hour with American Music, by Paul Rosenfeld. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 179 pages. $1.

THERE are not many people besides Mr. Rosenfeld who are qualified to write so intimately about the diverse and elusive subject of American music. He has made a gallant attempt to assemble phenomena and facts, but he often obscures the issue by an unnecessary luxuriance of language and a persistently high-flown way of thinking about things.

One American composer, for instance, is credited with "calling a machine-like thunder out of the piano, a clamor and clangor of metal surpassing anything in Scriabine's predominantly voluptuous scores." Varèse's orchestration in "Arcanes" is described as "yielding a series of metallic tone-complexes compulsive of extraordinary space-projection." This is the fashionable terminology of today daubed over with an extra layer of gold leaf.

In spite of this, Mr. Rosenfeld knows his subject, and is sincere and enthusiastic about it. But in trying, throughout his book, to discover a cultural basis for contemporary phenomena, he is up against difficulties inherent in the situation. He finds little to ascribe to, and less to hope from jazz. Composers like Gershwin and William Grant Still are too literal in their approach. They are concerned almost entirely with the externals, and not with the suggestion behind jazz. (This, if extremely limited in scope, is nevertheless peculiar and intense.) Aaron Copland alone has made something out of jazz. This is chiefly because he thinks clearly, and has no illusions about it.

With regard to the mountain songs of British origin from the Southern Appalachians, he quite rightly says that the old world tunes have a sad habit of deteriorating in the new, but he is inclined therefore to underestimate their importance. In spite of this deterioration, these old and often corrupt songs are in the blood-stream of American musical consciousness, while jazz, in relation to it, is something more like a violent skin itch, or possibly a nerve affection. The fact that the latter brings out an immediate response everywhere, while the former is scarcely in evidence at all, has nothing to do with their relative importance. The music of Roy Harris (who comes from Oklahoma), shows that apparently declining influences of two hundred years ago are capable of a lively recrudescence in unexpected quarters.

In the case of Indian, Peruvian and Aztec music, Mr. Rosenfeld is dealing with something even more attenuated (as an influence), but still of considerable importance. The Mexican composer Chavez is preoccupied with this music, and his work is correspondingly "inexpressive, stoical and monotonous." The American landscape and "soil" give a similar suggestion of impersonality and relentless monotony, which the Indians have embodied in their culture, and have carried forward, in their music and religion, to an intense spiritual level. No American painter, writer or musician that I know of has dared to face this relentless suggestion in the American landscape. MacDowell may have had a notion of it at times, but he soon collapsed under the severity of the implication, and in the end was content to become a good Daughter of the American Revolution. Whitman inflated it into one huge sentimental gesture.

Other composers are frankly concerned with an expression of the mechanical aspect of American life. But here, as in the case of jazz, the approach is naïve and literal. If Varèse never actually imitates city sounds, he elaborates an esthetic of dynamics and sound from a crude symbolization of them. An original and forceful composer, his music is crushed within the steel frame of an unconscious theory, when, actually, it should be allowed to grow up naturally to a shape and dimension which suggest it. Mr. Rosenfeld, like Mr. Stokowski, has an extravagant opinion of Varèse and the "new music of the future."

The issue is further complicated, as Mr. Rosenfeld points out, by the fact that so many American composers are foreign in origin. Ornstein, a Russian, was nine, Rudhyar, a Frenchman, was a youth and Loeffler a man when they first came to this country. Chavez, a Mexican, is simply a visitor. In fact, the only composers of promise who are American in that they derive from the "soil" of the country, are Roger Sessions, Carl Ruggles and Roy Harris. And of these, Ruggles is distorted and intensely inhibitive, while Harris is pending rather than actual. Externally, Copland is the most American of them all, particularly in his alertness and rattling liveliness. Bu his music as Mr. Rosenfeld says, is often grandiose and even gaudy, with a suggestion behind it entirely un-American.

Whatever the relative importance of these influences may be, the chief characteristic of modern American music is a restless experimental and revolutionary attitude derived from collective tendencies in this country. Mr. Rosenfeld points out that "there is a revolutionary formula . . . just as there is a polite one." American composers have deliberately adopted it. The fact that both Copland and Sessions have been influenced by the later Stravinsky—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose tendency since "Petrouchka" has been towards a complete impersonality—does not interfere with the probability that a similar impulse was latent in the two composers themselves. And the expression of collectivism is more complete and natural in this country than in the U. S. S. R., where, according to common report, Soviet musicians are still wallowing, with fully licensed government approval, in the slushiest grandeurs of the nineteenth century.

It seems likely that, in the end, this expression of collectivist tendencies will become a feature of American music. Each composer, taken separately as an individualist and determined experimenter, would strenuously deny and resent any suggestion of mass imposition in his music. But there is something about American city life and something in the American countryside which tends to crush down anything strongly subversive in the individual.

The music which springs up from beneath such an imposition need not be cramped because of it. Some of the freest effects in art have been obtained within the limits of a rigid convention. American business is an efficient organization which is tending to become something in the nature of a religion. At any rate, it exacts concessions from the individual which are gradually becoming more and more automatic. The Roman Catholic Church, a similarly rigid and completely efficient organization, expected an unquestioning obedience from its members; but in the music of Vittoria and Palestrina it rose to an expression which is impressive because and not in spite of the lack of the personal element. It is possible that American music may attain to some historical counterpart.

Mr. Rosenfeld deserves the utmost credit for writing the first book on American music. He has given a boundary of some sort to a subject which is positively bewildering in its ramifications, and has made an attempt at an assessment. If his judgment is more definite and laudatory than the subject would seem to warrant, this is largely because the writer is generous and inflammatory in his enthusiasms. And he has managed somehow, within the limits of a very small book, to say something about almost everybody and everything. If a few names, such as those of the "business men" composers, John Alden Carpenter and Charles Ives, are omitted, we feel that it is deliberate and that he is probably justified. And when he is not led away by the mere sound of his words, he can say quick and vivid things in passing. Jazz, for instance, is the product of "an extraordinarily popular drug-like use of the materials of sound." Varèse's music corresponds to "science's newest sensations about matter." The feeling in all Ruggles' later compositions is "intensely local." Copland's music is distinguished by "a leanness and slenderness of sound" and "a preference for shrill, cock-crowing, naked effects." And while he is not afraid to say the truth about jazz, Gershwin and Deems Taylor (the latter's music is characterized by a "thoroughgoing uninventiveness"), he also has the courage to be just to an almost forgotten academic like Horatio Parker, whose narrative for Mona in Act One of his opera of that name he wholeheartedly describes as "superb music" and "one of the artistic triumphs of English opera."

In spite of all this, one has a strong lingering impression that Mr. Rosenfeld's enthusiasms have taken him above the actual level of his subject, for it is still a debatable point whether America has, up to now, contributed anything of permanent value to musical thought. It seems to me almost certain that she will some day. But she made her musical debut less than a hundred years ago, and until quite recently was entirely preoccupied with the fascinating beaux of the European drawing rooms. To-day she is still flirting outrageously with interesting young men from the other side, but she has also begun to notice a few attractive faces at home and is showing an inclination to dally with them also. In the interim she has become taut, independent and anticipatory. The swaddling clothes are all ready for a possible emergency, but the young lady herself is so sophisticated and is so very much at home with all the latest modern devices, that there is still some question as to whether she is actually pregnant or not.

JEFFREY MARK.

The Red and the White

The Story of the Red Man, by F. W. Seymour. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 421 pages. $5.

Tales of the North American Indians, by Stith Thompson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 386 pages. $6.

The Day of the Cattleman, by E. S. Osgood. Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. $3.50.

Dobe Walls, by Stanley Vestal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE ENTHUSIASM of scholars replacing that of sentimentalists and romantics is rapidly bringing into true perspective the noble, base and most human pageantry of the white man's conquest of this western continent. The partisan comment of Helen Hunt Jackson and the Wild West novelists, to say nothing of Longfellow, has had its day. Even the most prosaic modern recorder of the Indian death-struggle, the fur trade or the cattleman inevitably picks up a little of the Homeric quality of his material. In the above listed books the great forces behind the western migration are well handled. Divergent elements of American history are brought into focus. Knowledge of the story of the west-moving Yankee and his tragic red foe is essential to the modern American who would understand himself. These books tell part of that story well.

Mrs. Seymour might better have called her book "A Story of the Red Man," for wisely she has limited herself to a single aspect of her subject. She is concerned chiefly with the battleground of contact, the fighting edge of the pioneer movement. Her book has the substance of scholarship and the balance of a trained observer. The story begins with the conspiracy of Pontiac in 1763, about one hundred years after King Philip's last stand in New England. Brant, Pontiac, Black Hawk, Sacajawea, Osceola, Sequoya, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Joseph, Geronimo, and Jack Wilson, the Ghost Dance prophet, are the names of some of those who led the red man's tragic, inevitable dance of death. Her book clearly brings out the fundamental lack of understanding between red men and white men. It is the old story of the nomadic pantheist's respect for the freedom of mother earth, in a losing battle with the property rights of the sedentary European white.

Thompson's compilation of Indian tales is representative of every variety from a full store-house of legend and fable. His book is rich in suggestion for the psychologist, who will be surprised to discover telling similarities to the mythology of other races, presumably never in contact with the American Indian. It is interesting to note the source of Paul Bunyan in the Algonquin Glooscap, and the mischievous Hare hero of the eastern Indian translated into the Uncle Remus stories of the Negro. Many instances, which cannot be developed in this short space, indicate an intercommunication in pre-Columbian days between re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A volume that brings to our entrance into the war the same keen and dispassionate analysis that Barnes and Fay turned upon the origin of the World War.

WHY WE FOUGHT

By C. Hartley Grattan

Read this book to understand the sinister and devious forces that finally brought America to the side of the Allies.

$3.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE VANGUARD PRESS
100 Fifth Avenue New York City

criminologist
psychiatrist
clergyman
scholar
Just Out
the magnetic autobiography of an amazing man

JOHN R. OLIVER
FOUR SQUARE

By the author of *Victim and Victor*

The qualities of greatness which led to the Novel Jury's unanimous recommendation of "Victim and Victor" for the Pulitzer Prize inhere in this intensely interesting story of his own varied and active life as Chief Medical Officer to the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, Greek student and teacher of the classics, Professor of the History of Medicine, psychiatrist, clergyman, and novelist. He has touched life at many points and his account of these contacts lifts this book to a high place.

At Bookstores $2.50
THE MACMILLAN CO
60 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

mote and linguistically different tribes. Professor Thompson does not develop any critical thesis. Nevertheless, it is obvious from his own and from many other collections that time and distance and the barriers of language were not such great obstacles as many have supposed, to the common culture of the pre-historic Indian. The Seneca traveled to the far Mississippi in search of new varieties of corn. The early Maya went south to Colombia and north to Arizona in trade. The tales of the Iroquois and the Pueblo dweller have much in common.

Although Osgood's book on the cattleman is essentially an economic study, the material is so well arranged and in itself so much the stuff of American adventure that from first to last it is good reading. It is the story of the early trader and voyageur slowly pushed off the map by the increasing inroads of commerce; the story of the cow displacing the buffalo; and hence the story of the free-roaming Indian hunter brought within bounds as a miserable ward of an apathetic or sentimental eastern government. Here also is an account of the rise of the great cattle companies and their domination of the West until eastern financing made another Mississippi Bubble of what might have been a soundly progressing industry.

Stanley Vestal, in his book "Dobe Walls" disguises in the garb of a conventional western novel much excellent historical research. In spite of a certain commonplace garment of fiction, he gives a vivid picture of the early Santà Fé trail in the neighborhood of Bent's Ford. The book is a distinct contribution to the growing literature of the West.

HENRY CHAPIN.

Two Kinds of Liberty

The Fiddler, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Hard Liberty, by Rosalind Murray. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

SOUTH AFRICA counts for little in Mrs. Millin's new novel. She has reduced her story to strictest essentials, and the veldt becomes a naked stage for a tragedy of passion. The regional interest of her earlier books, their use of topography and racial conflicts, is absent. But in carving away all extraneous detail she has lost both realism and dramatic substance. The reader has far too little to guide him toward belief in Jennie Mars, wife of a Nyasaland planter, who, after eloping with an itinerant English violinist, is brought to a real understanding of the life her husband has given her when her lover kills a brutal Portuguese chauffeur and makes a bad showing during imprisonment and trial. Mrs. Millin follows a clean straight line, but she is no master of intensive narration. Her novel is too devoid of sound motivation to win credibility for the lovers and their impulse toward freedom. The impact of genuine feeling never strikes the characters. The necessity of escape remains largely hypothetical. The outcome is without significance. "God's Stepchildren" gave Mrs. Millin an humble but undisputed rank near Hardy, Butler, and the author of "Of Human Bondage." "The Fiddler" gives her a too comfortable berth alongside George Agnew Chamberlain and the present-day Somerset Maugham.

Rosalind Murray, on the other hand, shows a desire to grow in her mastery of the backgrounds of life which Mrs. Millin recklessly discards. "Hard Liberty" shares the merits of Rosamund Lehmann's and E. B. C. Jones' work —an honest, sensitive piece of writing, free of the tricks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that reduce the average novel to the level of smooth mediocrity. It quickens into life because the author does not subordinate her own observations to a set of trade formulæ. Unfortunately her account of Jim Robson's struggle to achieve freedom as a scientist and also success as an average man does not get very far beyond the borders of English idealism of the prosaic common-sense variety. In theme as in title "Hard Liberty" calls for comparison with "Rough Justice," but to its own disadvantage. In Montague's novel, the Englishman's honor in peace and war was studied with greater authority and a more flexible charm. Yet Miss Murray balances triteness with real sympathy. The quest for individual liberty is a matter of everyday concern to her, and she makes her reader realize it. She is seriously gathering the forces of her talent toward a fuller understanding of their uses.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Brats

Skippy, by Percy Crosby. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

The Innocent Voyage, by Richard Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE American small boy in fiction has a curious power of "getting right hold" of the critics. So long as he is outwardly recognizable and entertains with slapstick comedy and slangy "kid" talk, both he and his creator are heartily welcomed to "literature."

We have, for instance, recently had the circumstance of Mr. Percy Crosby transferring his Skippy from the comic strips into a book and at once reminding some fairly sober fellow authors of Mark Twain and Dickens. Actually what have we in Mr. Crosby's novel? "Skippy" is a sketchy story about a boy gang-leader who plays pranks on the village characters—the grocer, the candy-store lady, the school teacher—and who shows that his heart is in the right place by befriending his lowly pal, Sooky. (Skippy's final act of friendliness is the rendition of a beautiful solo at Sooky's funeral.) The dialogue is an exaggerated argot: "Get off'n there, youse kids" (Skippy speaking), "d'ya want to get hoited? Yuh know—sometimes I feel this ain't the same town it used to was." The incidents are as exaggerated as the dialogue. When Skippy discovers that his little classmate Carol Sharon is "beyootiful," he, a present-day boy, pompadours his hair, curls it with a curling iron (*sic*), puts a horseshoe pin of rhinestones into his tie and goes forth like a dandy of the mauve decade to call upon *la Flamme*. Mr. Crosby seems not to have made up his mind definitely about his hero's period or his age. He implies that Skippy is between ten and eleven and yet he presents drawings of him (he illustrated the book himself) showing a child of five or six.

Although Mr. Tarkington in "Penrod Jashber," a resumption of the Penrod stories which had a considerable public some fifteen years ago, resorts occasionally to the same sure-fire type of comic incident as does Mr. Crosby (the children who rout the neighborhood by wearing smelly asafœtida bags are one example), his book is on a higher plane than Mr. Crosby's. The chief episode in the book—Penrod's dream of himself as a great detective, his indefatigable shadowing of a "crook" with the aid of his dark-hued lieutenants Herman and Verman and his "bloodhound" Duke, his discovery in the end that the "scondrel"

John Dewey says:

"It is an event of the first intellectual order"

PROCESS and REALITY

By A. N. WHITEHEAD

Author of *Science and the Modern World* and *Religion in the Making*

"It is not too much to say that Mr. Whitehead's last book . . . is more than a forerunner of the revival of systematic philosophies. It belongs in scope and intent with the great classic systematization of history."—John Dewey in the *N. Y. Sun.*

"It will be considered one of the greatest intellectual achievements of this age."—*Henry N. Wieman.*

At bookstores $4.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY · NEW YORK

"It will become a classic of which the value must increase with the passage of time."—*Havelock Ellis*

The SEXUAL LIFE OF SAVAGES

By BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI

Introduction by HAVELOCK ELLIS

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY: "Anyone wishing to have a real understanding of our changing morals should have this valuable work. It is intensely interesting, and throws a flood of light upon the most human and important of all subjects."

ROBERT LOWIE (*Saturday Review*): "I know of no ethnographic work that matches it for graphic description and theoretic insight. A noteworthy achievement."

THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The most important single contribution in the field of primitive sexology."

THE BOOKMAN: "A complete, authoritative and astounding account of the erotic lives of the Melanesians."

96 Full-page Illustrations *2 volumes* $10.00

HORACE LIVERIGHT N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

FOR

November 15th, 1929

Gustav Stresemann	EMIL LUDWIG
Pacifism	L. J. MAXSE
An Address to Boys	RUDYARD KIPLING
Geneva Personalities	'PEER GYNT'
Sir Cecil Spring Rice	A 'TIMES' REVIEWER
MacDonald and Herriot	JACQUES BARDOUX
In Calcutta	C. Z. KLÖTZEL
A French Editor Visits America	GEORGES LECHARTIER
Vignettes of Italy	EHM WELK

TWICE every month, on the first and fifteenth, *The Living Age* brings its readers the best articles, complete, untampered with, which appear in all the world's press — German, French, Austrian, Chinese, Argentine . . . . . It also contains brilliant interpretative departments, written by experts. And all this in America's handsomest quality magazine. If you cannot procure a copy from your newsdealer, send us the coupon below:

Special Offer for New Subscribers Only

SIX ISSUES FOR ONLY $1.00

THE LIVING AGE, 253 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Please enter my subscription to *The Living Age* for:

☐ 3 months—6 issues ($1.00)
☐ 1 year—24 issues ($6.00)

I enclose my remittance.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

NR1

lives in the Y. M. C. A. and is an exemplary citizen—is valid comedy which effectively presents a small boy's dreams of grandeur.

But if the years since he last wrote of Penrod have given Mr. Tarkington any new understanding of boy psychology he does not reveal it in "Penrod Jashber." There is clever observation—"to a boy, a visitor is a visitor for only the first hour or so; after that, you know him about as well as you know anybody"—but there is no attempt at any deep penetration into a boy's soul. Mr. Tarkington's grown-ups are merely lay figures put into the story to heighten the comedy and not to afford the sharp contrast which makes the reader see clearly the inevitable contradictions of child world and adult world.

In her slight but beautiful stories about the child Kezia, Katherine Mansfield, by playing off child world against adult world, brings out the pathos that arises from the confusion of the two worlds; in his more satiric stories of "Little Pierre," Anatole France, by stressing the differences between the two spheres which lie so close and yet are never absorbed one within another, gives reality to the child he was. Recently in a first novel, "The Innocent Voyage," a young Englishman, Richard Hughes, by posing a group of boys and girls first against their well intentioned English parents, then against a band of pirates, has written a story that goes beyond the externalities of the usual child comedy.

"The Innocent Voyage" is a story of seven boys and girls who, bound from Jamaica to school in England, are seized by pirates and are forced to live many months on the pirate ship. By the promptness with which they forget parents and friends (human friends, that is—they never cease to mourn their tabby cat), by their insensitiveness to ethical standards which must prevail, even on a pirate ship, one is brought to see through these boys and girls how hopelessly unmoral children really are. Many parents, some of them conscientious frequenters of child study circles, have been horrified by the "unnatural" children in "The Innocent Voyage." We are all so used to seeing children decorously clothed in priggishness and cant that it *is* both difficult and shocking to recognize them in their natural state. But if we are honest we must admit that Mr. Hughes, in a narrative outwardly just as hilarious as Mr. Tarkington's "Penrod Jashber," has made a study of childhood infinitely more true. RUTH SAPIN.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD is the author of "Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle" and "Olives of Endless Age."

EDWARD S. ROBINSON is a member of the faculty in the Department of Psychology at Yale University.

W. H. DAVIS is the author of "Poet's Pilgrimage" and other books of verse.

ROBERT PENN WARREN is the author of "John Brown, the Making of a Martyr."

CONRAD SEILER is the author of "Suicide and Other One-Act Comedies," and other plays.

LEWIS MUMFORD, critic of American life and letters, is the author of "Herman Melville" and other books.

JEFFREY MARK is a young English composer now living in New York. He was formerly chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library.

HENRY CHAPIN is the author of "Johnny Appleseed."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is a professor of English Literature at Loyola University.

RUTH SAPIN has written stories and articles about children for The Woman's Home Companion, Holland's, The Parents' Magazine and The New Republic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED